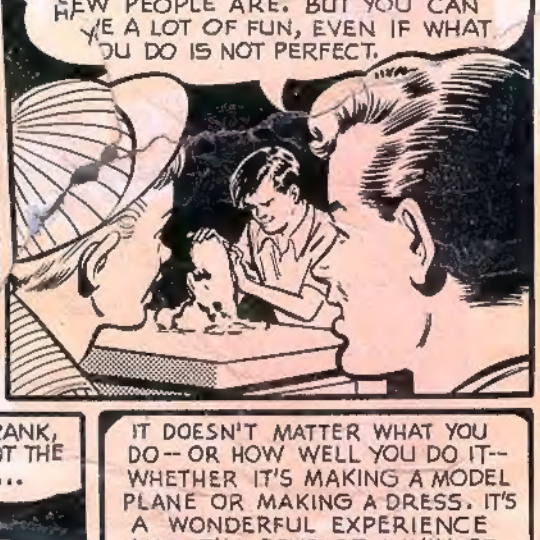
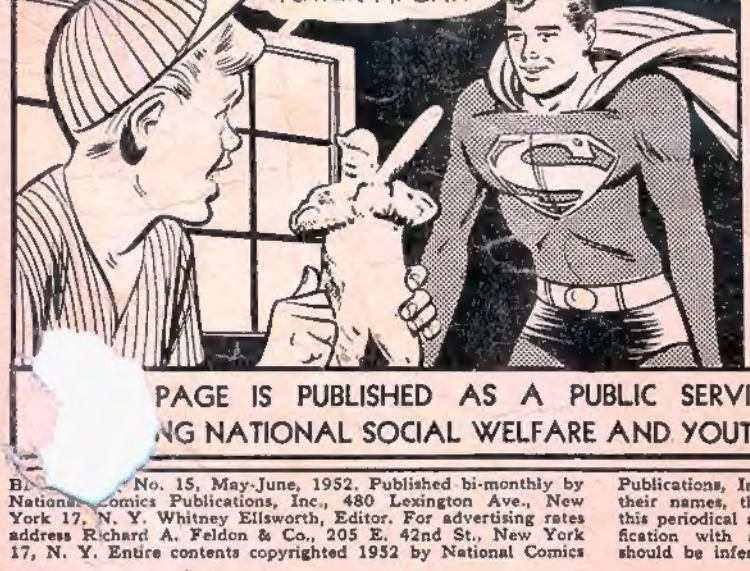
NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!
MAY...JUNE NO.15
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
10c
BIG TOWN
WHEN STEVE WILSON, CRIM... NEWSMAN, STALKED TH... MONSTROUS BLACK CAT OF TERROR, HE BECAME A VICTIM OF...
"The LEGACY of DOOM!"

SUPERBOY in "HAPPY HOBBY TIME!"

GOSH, IT'S SWELL OF SUPERBOY, LETTING US USE HIS WORK-SHOP ONCE A WEEK.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRANK? AREN'T YOU GOING TO JOIN THE REST OF US?
SUPERBOY'S WORKSHOP
AW, I'M NO GOOD AT THAT STUFF.
HOLD ON! WHO SAID YOU HAVE TO BE GOOD AT IT? COME ON, FRANK, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT ONE OF OUR ARTS AND CRAFTS HOBBIES.

WE'VE GOT A BIG SELECTION, AS YOU CAN SEE. CLAY MODELING, PAINTING, MAKING SOMETHING OUT OF WOOD, METAL OR LEATHER--TRY YOUR HAND AT ANYONE THAT APPEALS TO YOU.


YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A CREATIVE "GENIUS" TO ENJOY CREATIVE ART. FEW PEOPLE ARE. BUT YOU CAN HAVE A LOT OF FUN, EVEN IF WHAT YOU DO IS NOT PERFECT.

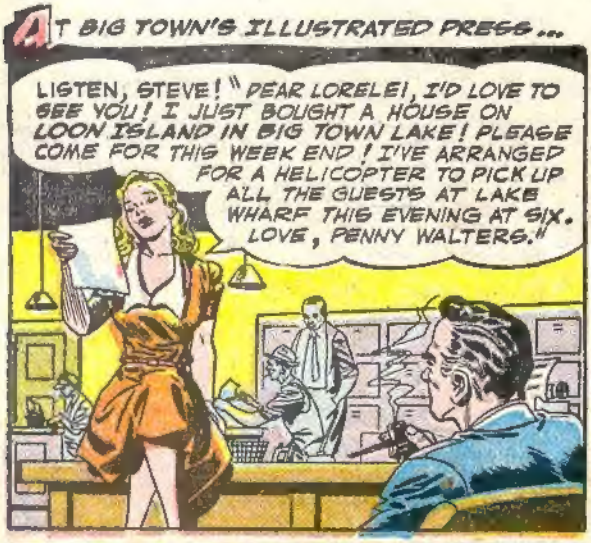


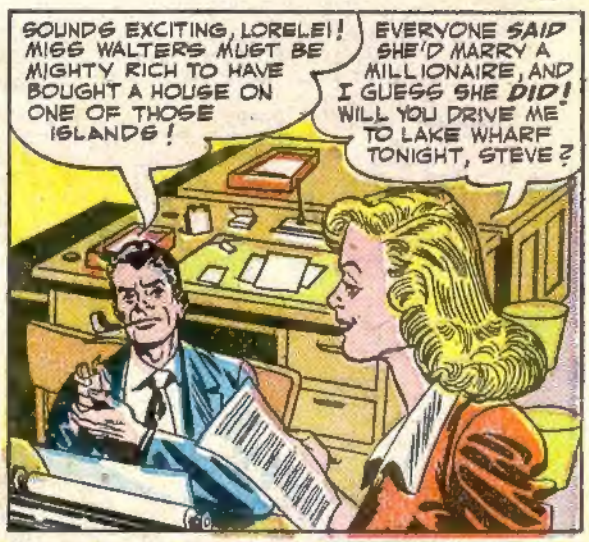
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU DO--OR HOW WELL YOU DO IT--WHETHER IT'S MAKING A MODEL PLANE OR MAKING A DRESS. IT'S A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE AND IT'LL DEVELOP A WAY OF EXPRESSING YOURSELF THAT WILL ADD UP TO HAPPY LEISURE HOURS ALL YOUR LIFE LONG.'

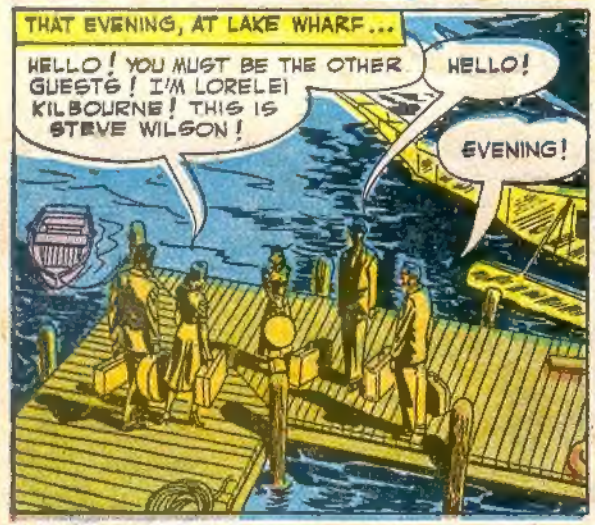
PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH
NG NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

B No. 15, May-June, 1952. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1952 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except for those who have authorized use their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no id fication with actual persons, living or dead, is intended should be inferred. Printed in U

BIG TOWN
YOU WERE BROUGHT TO THIS HOUSE TO BE MURDERED! NONE OF YOU WILL LEAVE THIS HOUSE ALIVE! HA, HA, HA!
THAT VOICE! WHERE DID I HEAR IT BEFORE?
WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
OHH—!
IT'S A MADMAN'S THREAT!
NEVER IN ALL HIS EXPERIENCE AS A CRIME—FIGHTING NEWSPAPERMAN FOR BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, HAS STEVE WILSON BEEN UP AGAINST A DEADLIER ENEMY THAN THE UNSEEN, UNKNOWN FIGURE WHO STRUCK DOWN ONE VICTIM AFTER ANOTHER! AND STEVE KNEW HE WAS IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH WHEN HE TRIED TO SAVE LOVELY LORELEI KILBOURNE, WHO WAS TAGGED AS THE NEXT MEMBER OF...
The FATAL FOUR!


AT BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
LISTEN, STEVE! "DEAR LORELEI, I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU! I JUST BOUGHT A HOUSE ON LOON ISLAND IN BIG TOWN LAKE! PLEASE COME FOR THIS WEEK END! I'VE ARRANGED FOR A HELICOPTER TO PICK UP ALL THE GUESTS AT LAKE WHARF THIS EVENING AT SIX. LOVE, PENNY WALTERS."


SOUNDS EXCITING, LORELEI! MISS WALTERS MUST BE MIGHTY RICH TO HAVE BOUGHT A HOUSE ON ONE OF THOSE ISLANDS!
EVERYONE SAID SHE'D MARRY A MILLIONAIRE, AND I GUESS SHE DID! WILL YOU DRIVE ME TO LAKE WHARF TONIGHT, STEVE?


THAT EVENING, AT LAKE WHARF...
HELLO! YOU MUST BE THE OTHER GUESTS! I'M LORELEI KILBOURNE! THIS IS STEVE WILSON!
HELLO!
EVENING!

I'M ALICE PAYNE! I JUST ARRIVED! I HAVEN'T MET THESE OTHER GENTLEMEN YET!
IT SEEMS WE'RE ALL STRANGERS TO EACH OTHER! I'M LUDWIG KROLL!

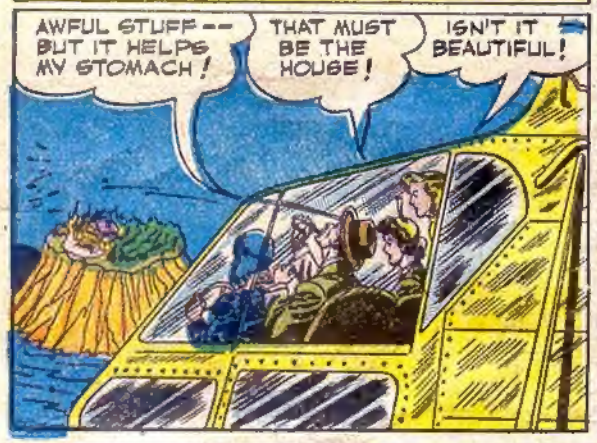
I'M JOHN COWLEY! DEAR, DEAR, I KNOW I'M GOING TO BE AIRSICK! I'M SO GLAD I BROUGHT MY STOMACH REMEDY! I'M NEVER WITHOUT IT!
YOU LOOK FAMILIAR, MR. KROLL! HAVE WE MET BEFORE?
I DON'T THINK SO, MISS KILBOURNE!

I'M THE PILOT! IF EVERYONE'S HERE, WE CAN GET STARTED! WAIT A SECOND! THERE ARE FIVE OF YOU! THE LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS I GOT SAID ONLY FOUR WERE GOING OVER IN THE HELICOPTER!

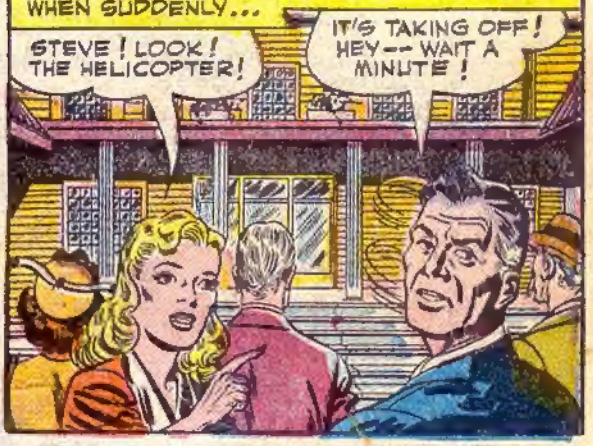
STEVE'S ACUTE SIXTH SENSE, SHARPENED BY YEARS OF ENCOUNTERING DANGER IN EVERY GUISE, IS SUDDENLY STIRRED...

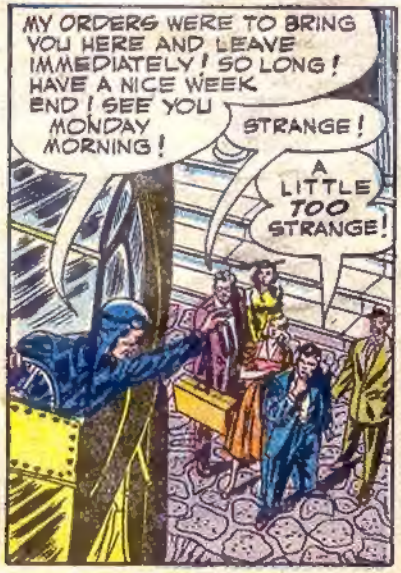
WHY ALL THE MYSTERY ? I DON'T LIKE IT !
DON'T BE SILLY, STEVE ! YOU'VE BEEN DOING CRIME STORIES SO LONG, YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS OF EVERY-THING ! WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG IF YOU'RE WORRIED ?

IN A LITTLE WHILE, THE HELICOPTER AND ITS PASSENGERS SOAR OVER *BIG TOWN LAKE*...



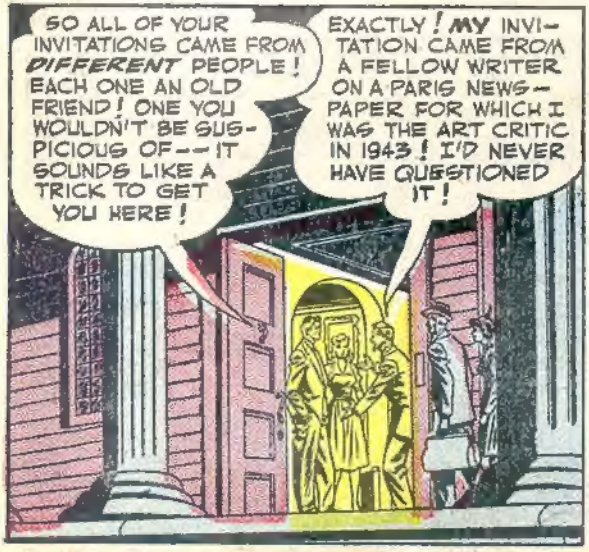
AFTER THE HELICOPTER LANDS, EVERYONE'S EYES ARE ON THE HUGE SILENT HOUSE, WHEN SUDDENLY...

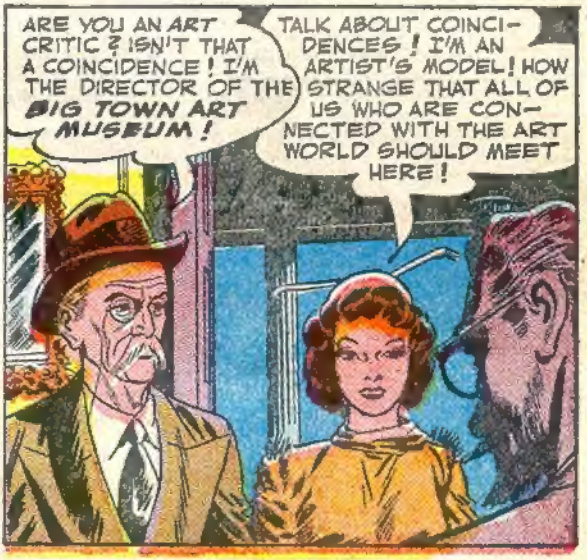



MY ORDERS WERE TO BRING YOU HERE AND LEAVE IMMEDIATELY ! SO LONG ! HAVE A NICE WEEK END ! SEE YOU MONDAY MORNING !
STRANGE !
A LITTLE TOO STRANGE !

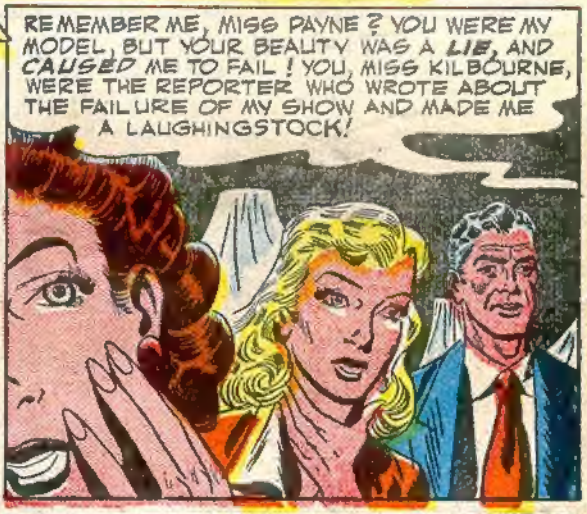
A MOMENT AFTERWARDS...

ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE PENNY WALTERS TO PLAY A TRICK LIKE THAT ! SHE CAN'T JUST INVITE YOU... SHE HAS TO DRAMATIZE IT !
PENNY WALTERS ? I DON'T KNOW ANY PENNY WALTERS ! MY INVITATION CAME FROM PROFESSOR KENDALL, AN OLD FRIEND ! THIS IS HIS HOUSE !


SO ALL OF YOUR INVITATIONS CAME FROM DIFFERENT PEOPLE! EACH ONE AN OLD FRIEND! ONE YOU WOULDN'T BE SUSPICIOUS OF--IT SOUNDS LIKE A TRICK TO GET YOU HERE!
EXACTLY! MY INVITATION CAME FROM A FELLOW WRITER ON A PARIS NEWSPAPER FOR WHICH I WAS THE ART CRITIC IN 1943! I'D NEVER HAVE QUESTIONED IT!


ARE YOU AN ART CRITIC? ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE! I'M THE DIRECTOR OF THE BIG TOWN ART MUSEUM!
TALK ABOUT COINCIDENCES! I'M AN ARTIST'S MODEL! HOW STRANGE THAT ALL OF US WHO ARE CONNECTED WITH THE ART WORLD SHOULD MEET HERE!

SUDDENLY, A VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE SILENCE...
THIS IS ANTON DRAKE SPEAKING! REMEMBER ME, MR. COWLEY? I'M THE ARTIST WHOSE PICTURES YOU REFUSED TO DISPLAY AT YOUR MUSEUM! REMEMBER ME, MR. KROLL? I'M THE ARTIST WHOM YOU DESTROYED WITH YOUR UNFAIR, LYING CRITICISM!


REMEMBER ME, MISS PAYNE? YOU WERE MY MODEL, BUT YOUR BEAUTY WAS A LIE, AND CAUSED ME TO FAIL! YOU, MISS KILBOURNE, WERE THE REPORTER WHO WROTE ABOUT THE FAILURE OF MY SHOW AND MADE ME A LAUGHINGSTOCK!

NOW I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE... AND YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE! ONE BY ONE! AND THE FIRST SHALL BE JOHN COWLEY!
NO! NO!

OHHHH! I... I... OHHH...
MR. COWLEY! WHAT'S WRONG?

AFTER A SWIFT EXAMINATION, STEVE, GRIM-FACED, TURNS TO THE OTHERS...
HE'S DEAD! IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S BEEN POISONED!
LATER, AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE SILENT HOUSE...
THE HOUSE IS DESERTED! THE PHONE'S BEEN CUT! WE'RE PRISONERS! DRAKE MUST HAVE SPOKEN FROM A CONCEALED MIKE!
I REMEMBER AN ANTON DRAKE, STEVE! HE WAS ALWAYS FILLED WITH RAGE! I THINK HE'LL REALLY TRY TO GO THROUGH WITH HIS INSANE SCHEME!
MISS KILBOURNE IS RIGHT! I WAS TEACHING IN LONDON ALL DURING THE WAR, AND GOT TO KNOW DRAKE WELL! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS MAD! HE'LL CERTAINLY TRY TO KILL ALL OF US!
WELL, HE WON'T KILL ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP HER, THE HYSTERICAL GIRL RUSHES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR...
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HER!
MISS PAYNE! COME BACK!
BUT IN THE DARKNESS, AN UNSEEN HAND DESCENDS SWIFTLY, AND...
STUNNED FROM THE BLOW, STEVE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AS A SHOT RINGS OUT...
BANG!
STEVE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES... LORELEI! THAT SHOT CAME FROM THE VERANDA!
A MOMENT LATER...
SOMEONE HIT ME... THERE WAS A SHOT...
STEVE! IS SHE--
...DEAD, LORELEI! ANTON DRAKE'S GOTTEN HIS SECOND VICTIM!

YOU TWO HAD BETTER GO BACK INSIDE!
AND WAIT FOR THAT MADMAN TO PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE? CERTAINLY NOT! YOU SEARCHED INSIDE THE HOUSE AND COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING! NOW I'M GOING TO SEARCH OUTSIDE!
WE'LL ALL GO IF YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME TO BRING MISS PAYNE INSIDE!
VERY WELL! BUT HURRY UP!
BUT A FEW SECONDS LATER, AS STEVE AND LORELEI RETURN...
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT KROLL I DON'T TRUST! I CAN'T QUITE PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER. BUT I THINK MAYBE HE'S THE--
STEVE! LOOK!
NO, ANTON, NO! DON'T SHOOT! PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT!
KROLL! LOOK OUT... THE CLIFF!
AAAHHH...
THAT EXPLODES MY SUSPICIONS OF KROLL!
STEVE, I'M... I'M THE LAST ONE LEFT!
I WAS ALMOST CERTAIN KROLL WAS LYING! REMEMBER, HE SAID HE WORKED ON A PARIS NEWSPAPER IN 1943? LATER HE SAID HE TAUGHT IN LONDON ALL DURING THE WAR! AND ANOTHER THING... HIS GLASSES WERE STILL ON AFTER BEING KNOCKED DOWN!

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM...
STEVE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? ANTON DRAKE'S LOOSE AND--
WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A PLAN FOR FLUSHING HIM OUT OF HIDING!
SUDDENLY...
KROLL!
NOT KROLL, MR. WILSON!
ANTON DRAKE!
YOU PLANNED THAT FALL SO YOU'D APPEAR TO BE A VICTIM TOO!
CORRECT! WITH ME APPARENTLY OUT OF THE WAY, YOU'D BE OFF GUARD!
ALL VERY NEAT! YOU SENT OUT FAKE INVITATIONS FROM THE VICTIMS' OLD FRIENDS--SWITCHED POISONED MEDICINE ON COWLEY--SLUGGED ME WHEN I RAN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR--SHOT ALICE--AND TOSSED THE GUN OVER THE CLIFF!
YOU FORGOT MY THREAT CAME FROM A RECORD ON A HIDDEN PLAYER AND--
THE BOASTFUL KILLER DOESN'T NOTICE STEVE EDGING TOWARD THE LAMP UNTIL...
BLAST YOU--YOU SMASHED THAT LAMP!
TWO SHOTS, DRAKE! IF YOU HAD A FULL CHAMBER THAT MEANS YOU HAVE FOUR LEFT!
I'VE GOT TO DRAW HIS FIRE FROM LORELEI!
BLAM!
BAM!
CRASH!
WITH A MOVEMENT WHICH DRAWS FIRE--STEVE DIVES TO THE FLOOR...
TWO MORE, DRAKE! ONLY TWO BULLETS NOW!
BAM!
BLAM!
I WON'T WASTE THEM, WILSON! I'LL TURN ON THE WALL LIGHTS, AND THEN USE ONE BULLET ON EACH OF YOU!

WEARING THE KILLER MOVING STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE WALL SWITCH, STEVE PLAYS HIS LAST DESPERATE CARD...
HE STARTED THIS WHOLE MURDEROUS SCHEME OUT OF REVENGE AGAINST PEOPLE WHO SAID HE COULDN'T PAINT! I'LL USE THAT WEAKNESS AS A WEAPON!
DRAKE! EVEN IF YOU SHOOT BOTH OF US--YOU'LL STILL BE A TERRIBLE PAINTER! YOU'LL ALWAYS BE AN AMATEUR!
YOU COULDN'T PAINT A BARN, DRAKE! EVERYONE KNOWS IT! YOU'VE NO TALENT! YOU NEVER HAD! IF YOU DID--YOU'D BE PAINTING--NOT KILLING!
SHUT UP! I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!
BLAM!
BLAM!
AS DRAKE'S LAST SHOTS RING OUT, LORELEI DASHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH AND...
SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS, LORELEI! GOOD GIRL--
CLICK!
WHAT A NIGHTMARE, STEVE! AND ALL FOR REVENGE!
REVENGE IS A BOOMERANG, LORELEI! IN THE END, DRAKE REALLY WAS ONE OF HIS OWN VICTIMS!
THE END

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RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT IS ROUND ON BOTH ENDS AND HIGH IN THE MIDDLE?

GIVE UP? SEE BELOW*

*ANSWER: OHIO

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NO! NO! DON'T LOOK AT HIM THAT WAY YOU'RE KILLING HIM!
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"HIS DOUBLE in DOOM"
On sale at YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!
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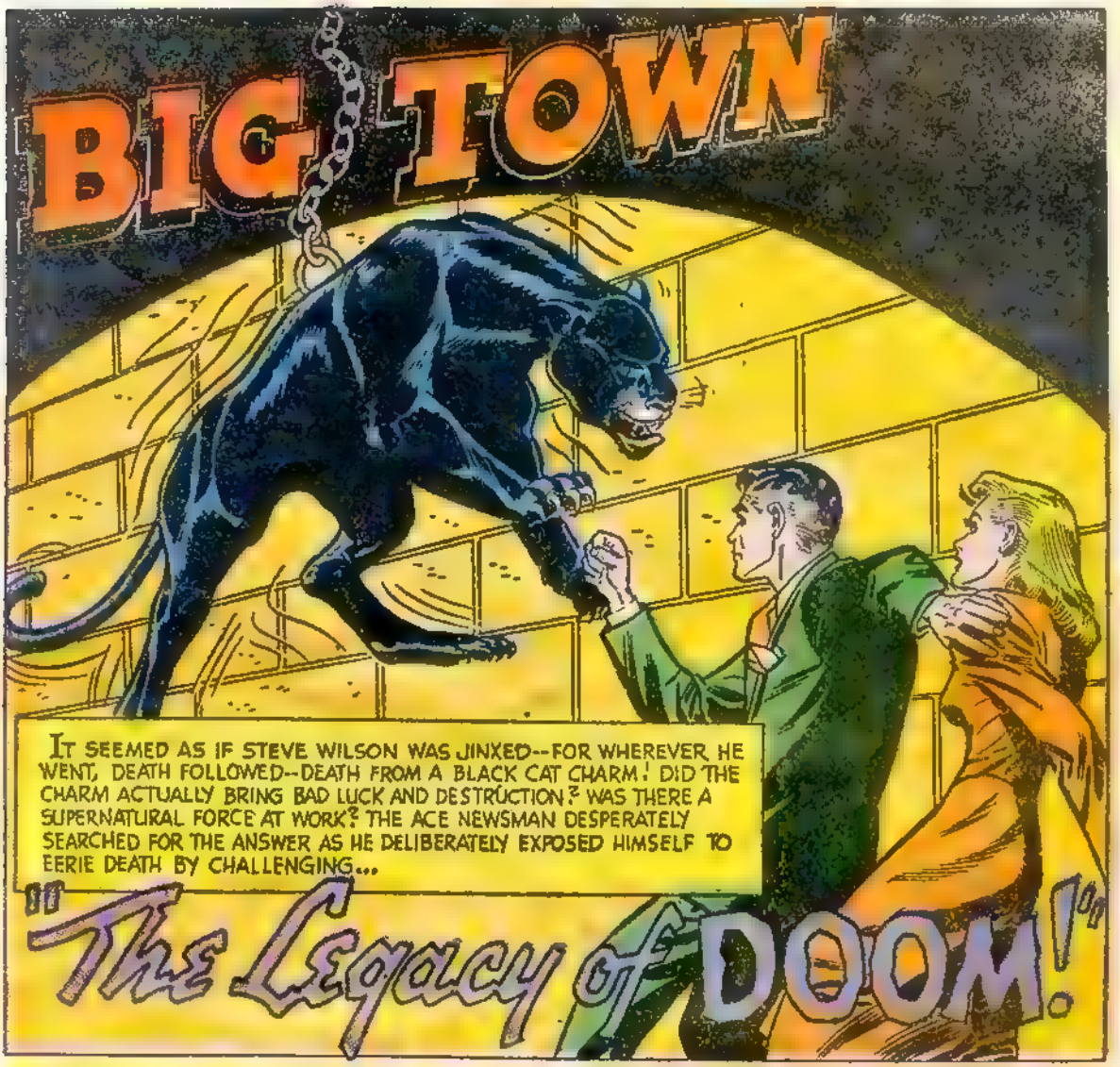
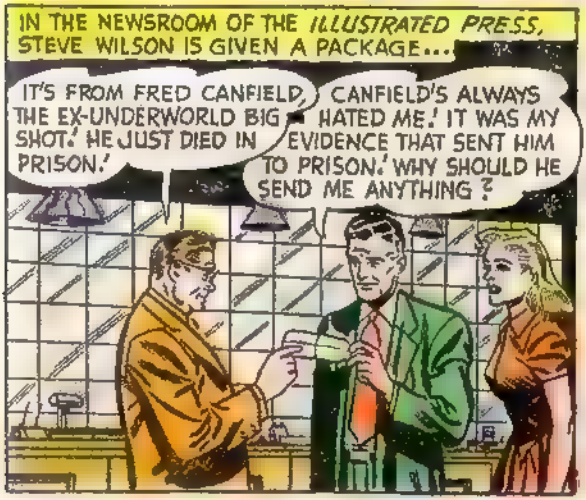
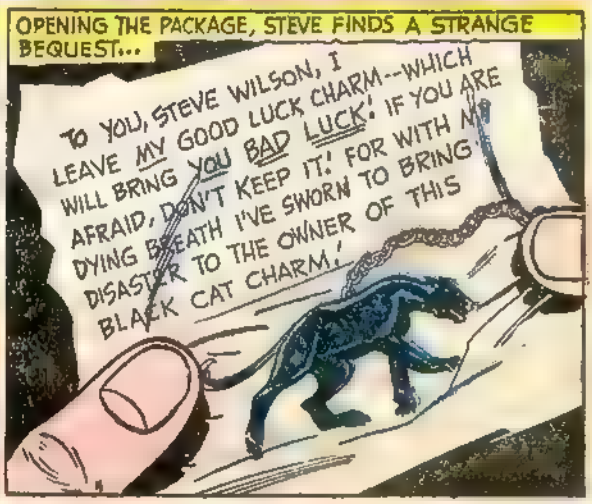
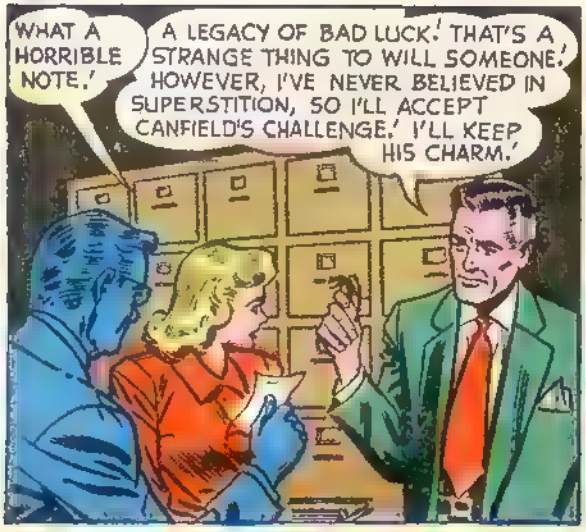
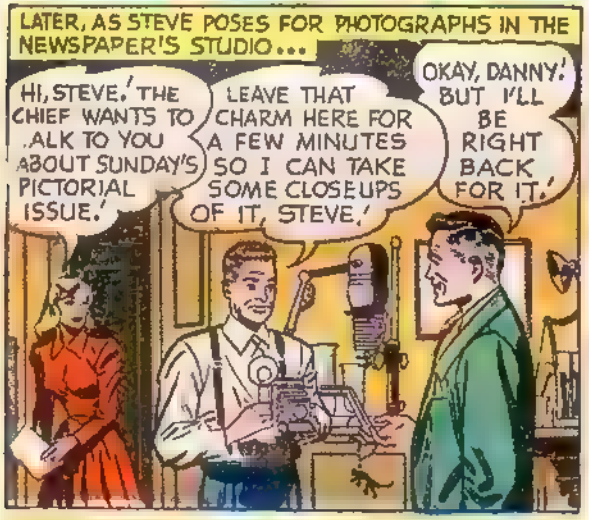

BIG TOWN
IT SEEMED AS IF STEVE WILSON WAS JINXED--FOR WHEREVER HE WENT, DEATH FOLLOWED--DEATH FROM A BLACK CAT CHARM! DID THE CHARM ACTUALLY BRING BAD LUCK AND DESTRUCTION? WAS THERE A SUPERNATURAL FORCE AT WORK? THE ACE NEWSMAN DESPERATELY SEARCHED FOR THE ANSWER AS HE DELIBERATELY EXPOSED HIMSELF TO EERIE DEATH BY CHALLENGING...
"The Legacy of DOOM!"

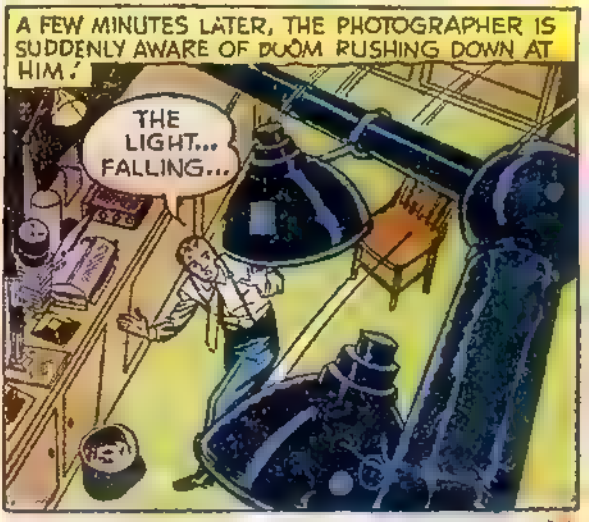

IN THE NEWSROOM OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, STEVE WILSON IS GIVEN A PACKAGE...
IT'S FROM FRED CANFIELD, THE EX-UNDERWORLD BIG SHOT! HE JUST DIED IN PRISON!
CANFIELD'S ALWAYS HATED ME! IT WAS MY EVIDENCE THAT SENT HIM TO PRISON! WHY SHOULD HE SEND ME ANYTHING?

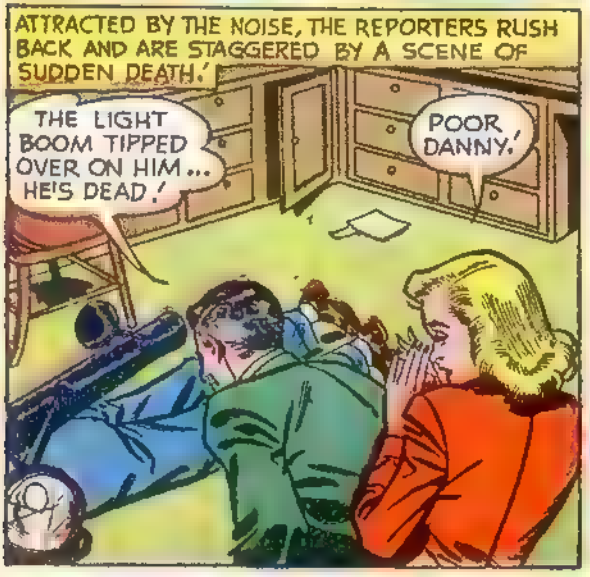

OPENING THE PACKAGE, STEVE FINDS A STRANGE BEQUEST...
TO YOU, STEVE WILSON, I LEAVE MY GOOD LUCK CHARM--WHICH WILL BRING YOU BAD LUCK! IF YOU ARE AFRAID, DON'T KEEP IT! FOR WITH MY DYING BREATH I'VE SWORN TO BRING DISASTER TO THE OWNER OF THIS BLACK CAT CHARM!

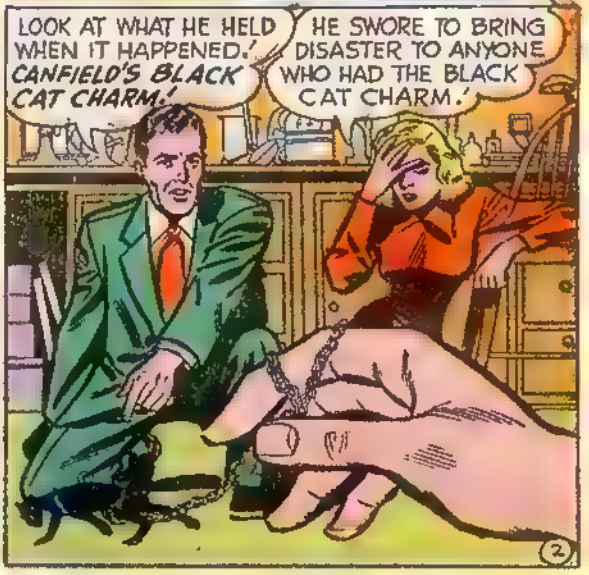

WHAT A HORRIBLE NOTE.'
A LEGACY OF BAD LUCK! THAT'S A STRANGE THING TO WILL SOMEONE.' HOWEVER, I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN SUPERSTITION, SO I'LL ACCEPT CANFIELD'S CHALLENGE.' I'LL KEEP HIS CHARM.'

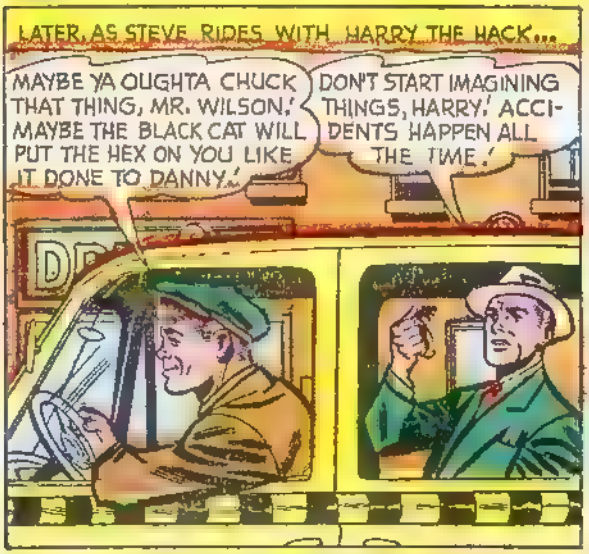
WOW! WE'VE GOT A STORY.' AND IT'S HAPPENED TO OUR ACE NEWSMAN.' WE'LL PLAY IT UP BIG.'

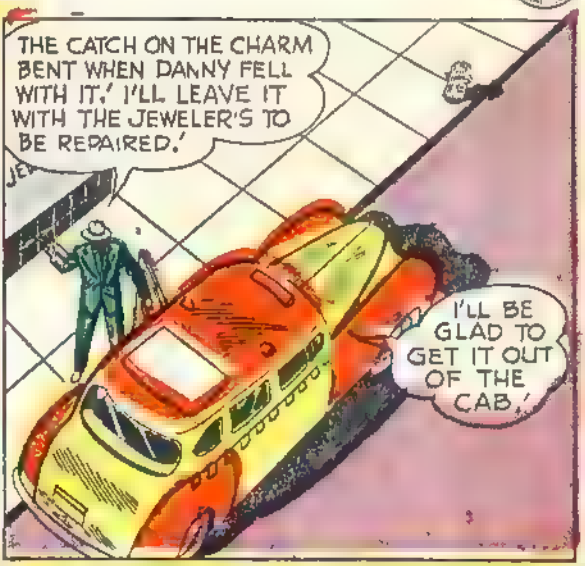

LATER, AS STEVE POSES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE NEWSPAPER'S STUDIO...
HI, STEVE.' THE CHIEF WANTS TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SUNDAY'S PICTORIAL ISSUE.'
LEAVE THAT CHARM HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES SO I CAN TAKE SOME CLOSEUPS OF IT, STEVE.'
OKAY, DANNY.' BUT I'LL BE RIGHT BACK FOR IT.'

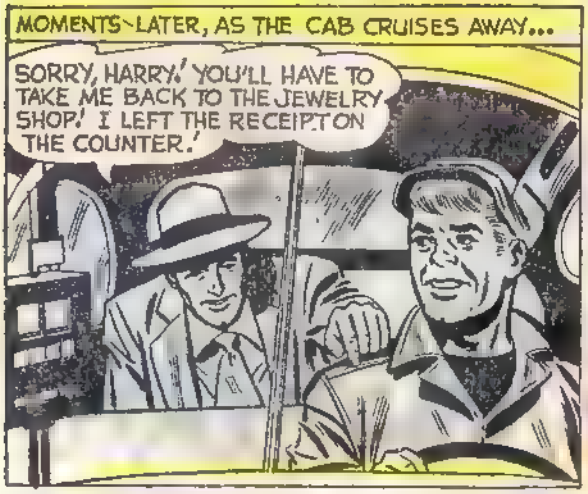

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER IS SUDDENLY AWARE OF DOOM RUSHING DOWN AT HIM.'
THE LIGHT... FALLING...

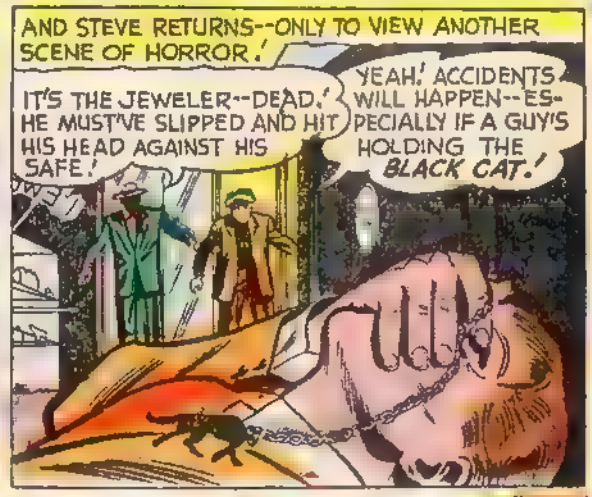

ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, THE REPORTERS RUSH BACK AND ARE STAGGERED BY A SCENE OF SUDDEN DEATH.'
THE LIGHT BOOM TIPPED OVER ON HIM... HE'S DEAD.'
POOR DANNY.'

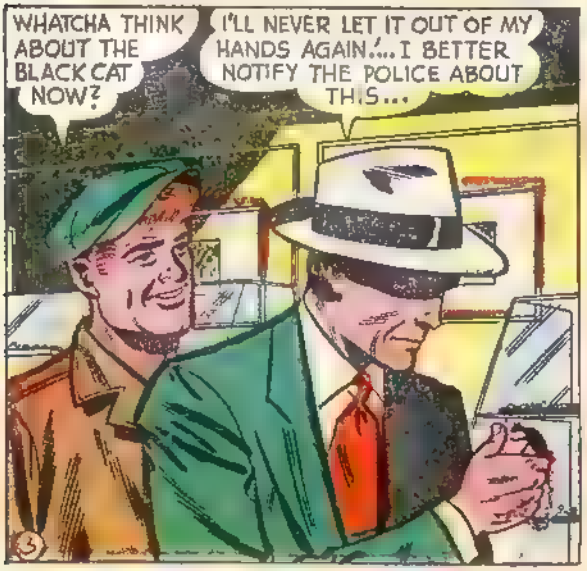

LOOK AT WHAT HE HELD WHEN IT HAPPENED.' CANFIELD'S BLACK CAT CHARM.'
HE SWORE TO BRING DISASTER TO ANYONE WHO HAD THE BLACK CAT CHARM.'
2

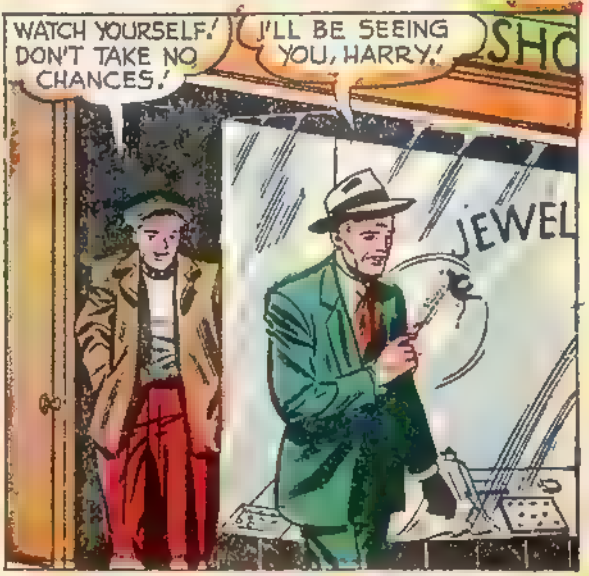

LATER, AS STEVE RIDES WITH HARRY THE HACK...
MAYBE YA OUGHTA CHUCK THAT THING, MR. WILSON.' MAYBE THE BLACK CAT WILL PUT THE HEX ON YOU LIKE IT DONE TO DANNY.'
DON'T START IMAGINING THINGS, HARRY.' ACCIDENTS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME.'

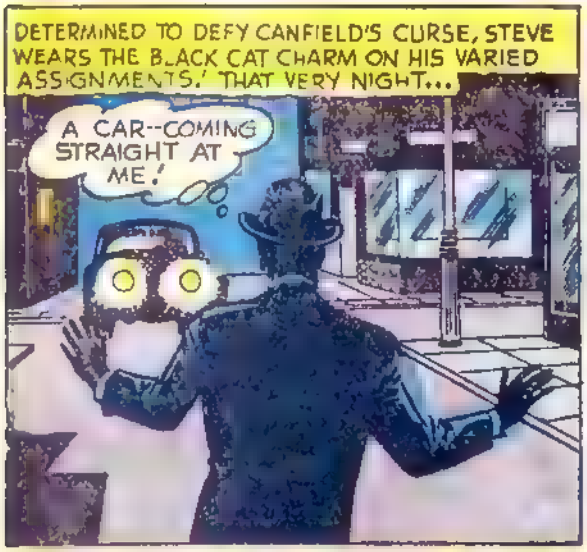

THE CATCH ON THE CHARM BENT WHEN DANNY FELL WITH IT.' I'LL LEAVE IT WITH THE JEWELER'S TO BE REPAIRED.'
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET IT OUT OF THE CAB.'

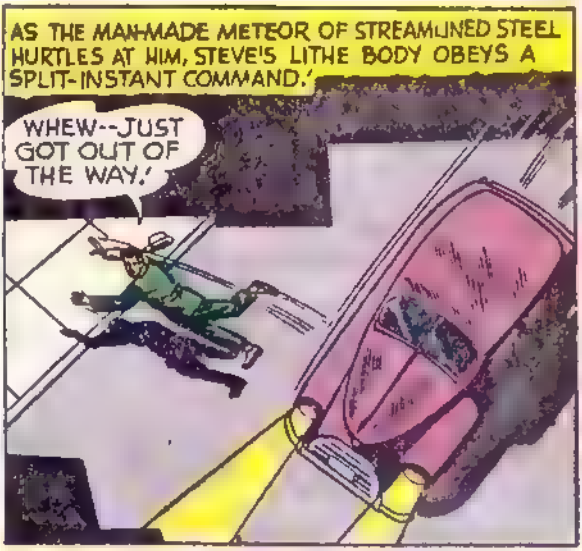

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE CAB CRUISES AWAY...
SORRY, HARRY.' YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME BACK TO THE JEWELRY SHOP.' I LEFT THE RECEIPT ON THE COUNTER.'

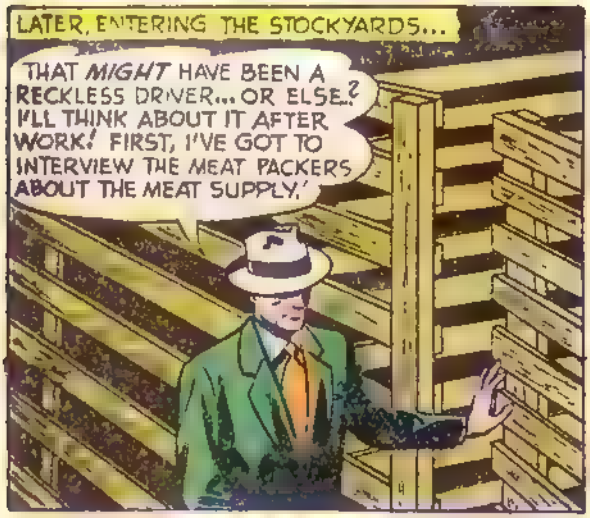

AND STEVE RETURNS--ONLY TO VIEW ANOTHER SCENE OF HORROR.'
IT'S THE JEWELER--DEAD.' HE MUST'VE SLIPPED AND HIT HIS HEAD AGAINST HIS SAFE.'
YEAH.' ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN--ESPECIALLY IF A GUY'S HOLDING THE BLACK CAT.'

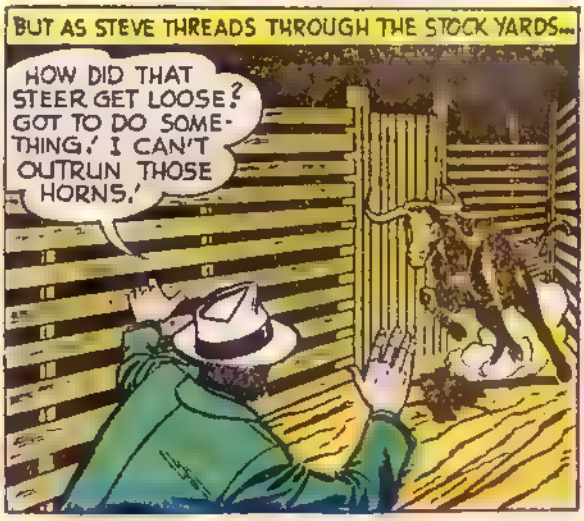

WHATCHA THINK ABOUT THE BLACK CAT NOW?
I'LL NEVER LET IT OUT OF MY HANDS AGAIN.'... I BETTER NOTIFY THE POLICE ABOUT THIS...

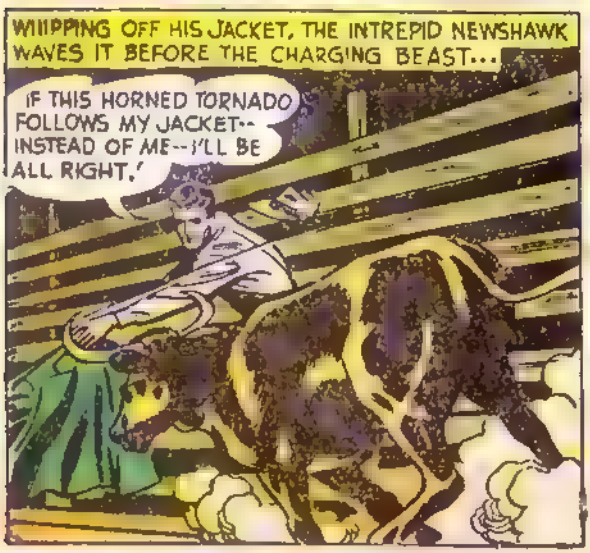

WATCH YOURSELF.' DON'T TAKE NO CHANCES.'
I'LL BE SEEING YOU, HARRY.'
JEWEL

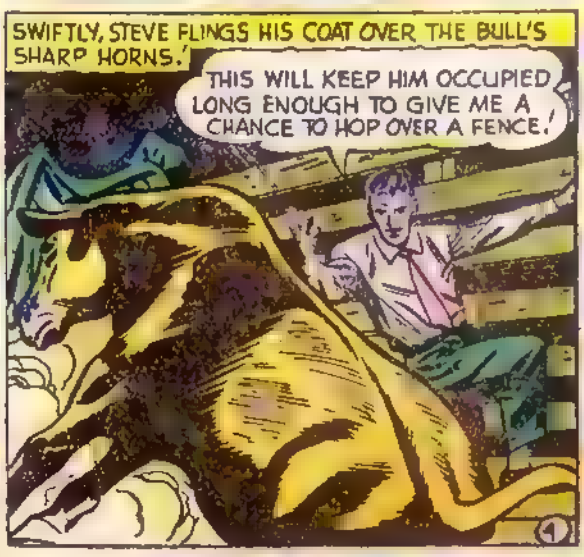

DETERMINED TO DEFY CANFIELD'S CURSE, STEVE WEARS THE BLACK CAT CHARM ON HIS VARIED ASSIGNMENTS.' THAT VERY NIGHT...
A CAR--COMING STRAIGHT AT ME!

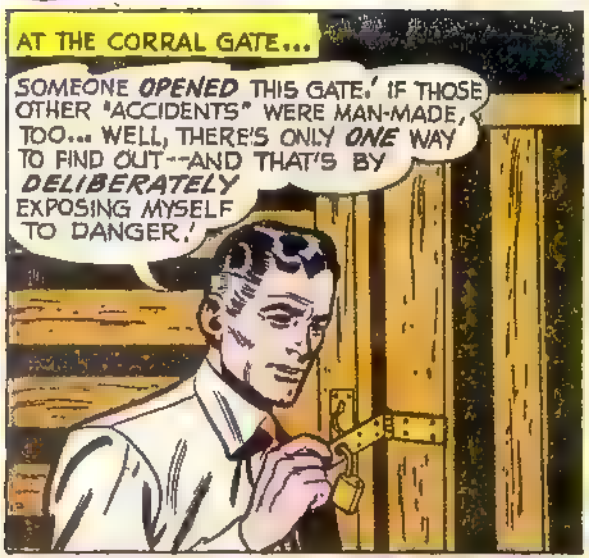

AS THE MAN-MADE METEOR OF STREAMLINED STEEL HURTLES AT HIM, STEVE'S LITHE BODY OBEYS A SPLIT-INSTANT COMMAND.'
WHEW--JUST GOT OUT OF THE WAY.'

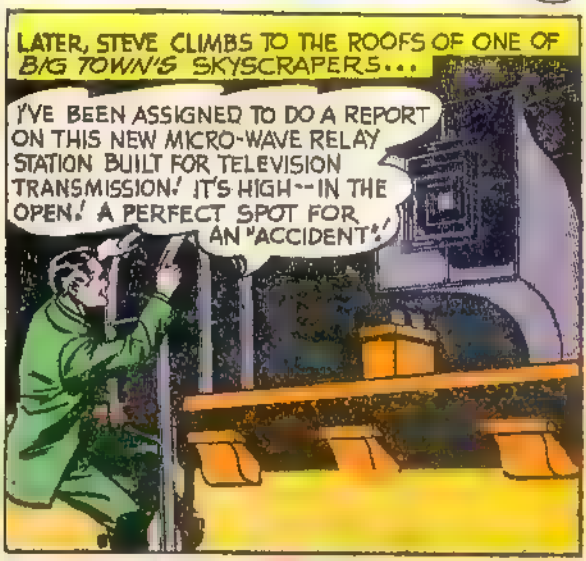

LATER, ENTERING THE STOCKYARDS...
THAT *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN A RECKLESS DRIVER... OR ELSE.? I'LL THINK ABOUT IT AFTER WORK! FIRST, I'VE GOT TO INTERVIEW THE MEAT PACKERS ABOUT THE MEAT SUPPLY.'

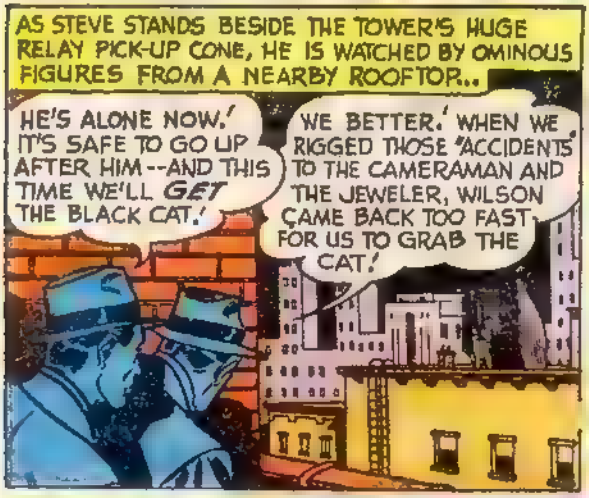

BUT AS STEVE THREADS THROUGH THE STOCK YARDS...
HOW DID THAT STEER GET LOOSE? GOT TO DO SOMETHING.' I CAN'T OUTRUN THOSE HORNS.'

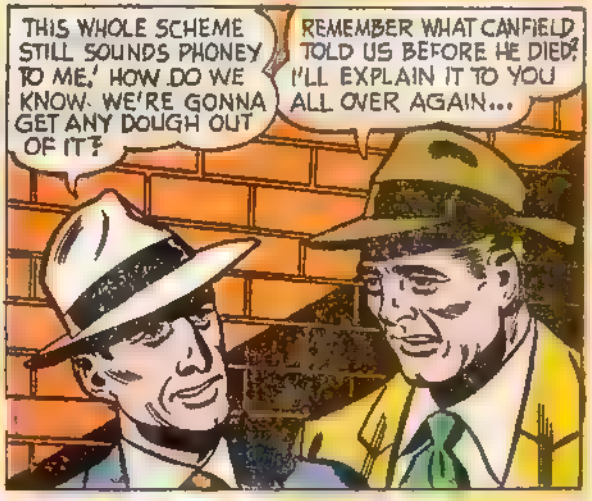

WHIPPING OFF HIS JACKET, THE INTREPID NEWSHAWK WAVES IT BEFORE THE CHARGING BEAST...
IF THIS HORNED TORNADO FOLLOWS MY JACKET-- INSTEAD OF ME--I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.'

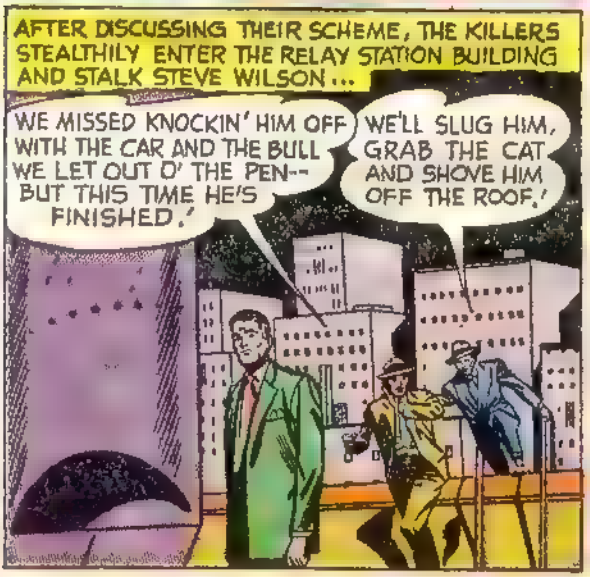

SWIFTLY, STEVE FLINGS HIS COAT OVER THE BULL'S SHARP HORNS.'
THIS WILL KEEP HIM OCCUPIED LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HOP OVER A FENCE.'

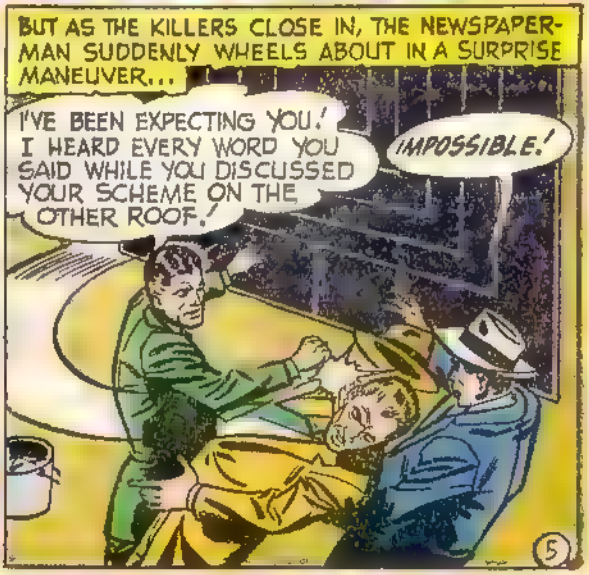

AT THE CORRAL GATE...
SOMEONE OPENED THIS GATE.' IF THOSE OTHER "ACCIDENTS" WERE MAN-MADE, TOO... WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT--AND THAT'S BY DELIBERATELY EXPOSING MYSELF TO DANGER.'

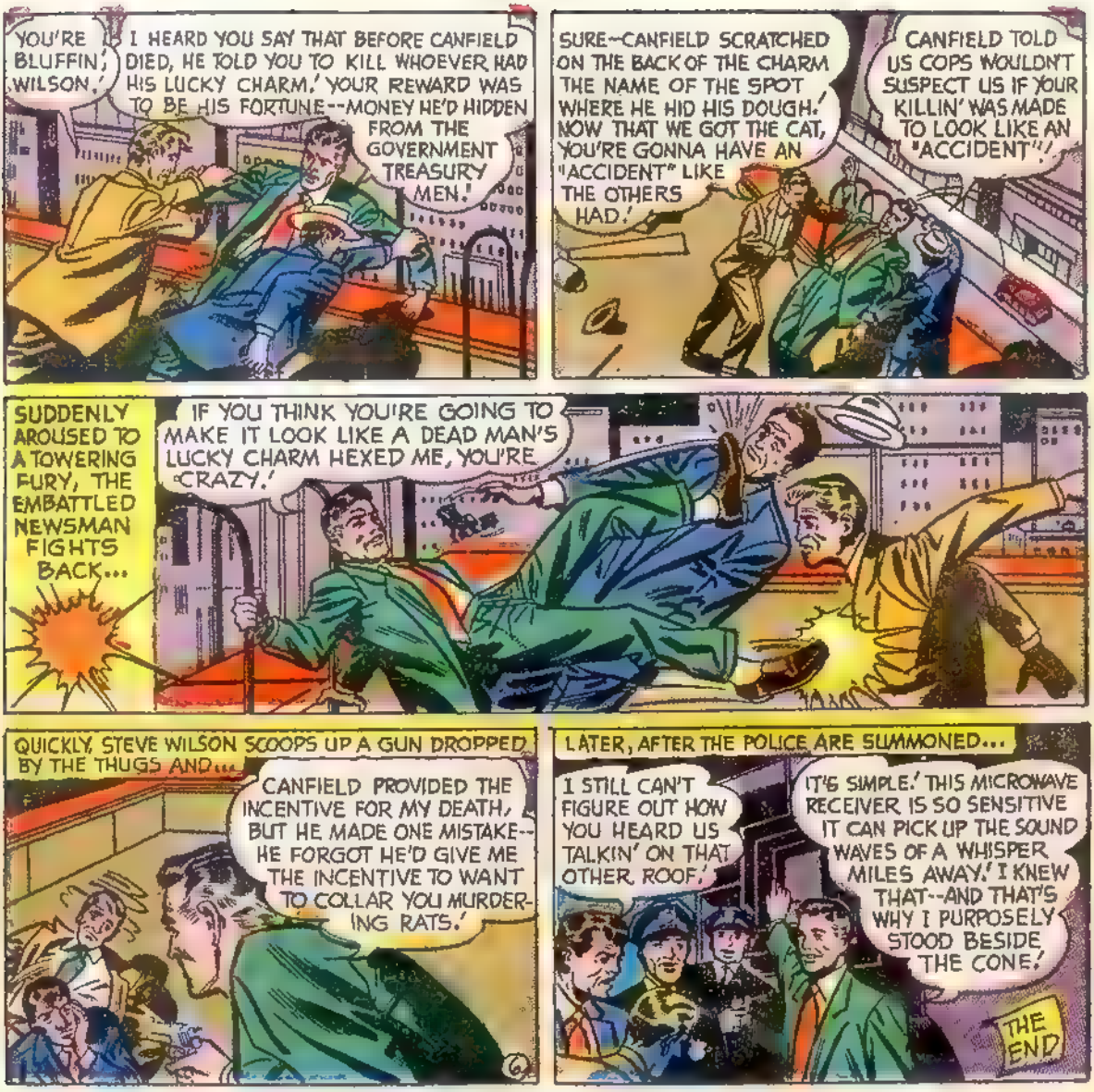

LATER, STEVE CLIMBS TO THE ROOFS OF ONE OF BIG TOWN'S SKYSCRAPERS...
I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO DO A REPORT ON THIS NEW MICRO-WAVE RELAY STATION BUILT FOR TELEVISION TRANSMISSION.' IT'S HIGH--IN THE OPEN.' A PERFECT SPOT FOR AN "ACCIDENT".'


AS STEVE STANDS BESIDE THE TOWER'S HUGE RELAY PICK-UP CONE, HE IS WATCHED BY OMINOUS FIGURES FROM A NEARBY ROOFTOP...
HE'S ALONE NOW.' IT'S SAFE TO GO UP AFTER HIM--AND THIS TIME WE'LL GET THE BLACK CAT.'
WE BETTER.' WHEN WE RIGGED THOSE "ACCIDENTS" TO THE CAMERAMAN AND THE JEWELER, WILSON CAME BACK TOO FAST FOR US TO GRAB THE CAT.'


THIS WHOLE SCHEME STILL SOUNDS PHONEY TO ME.' HOW DO WE KNOW WE'RE GONNA GET ANY DOUGH OUT OF IT?
REMEMBER WHAT CANFIELD TOLD US BEFORE HE DIED? I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU ALL OVER AGAIN...


AFTER DISCUSSING THEIR SCHEME, THE KILLERS STEALTHILY ENTER THE RELAY STATION BUILDING AND STALK STEVE WILSON...
WE MISSED KNOCKIN' HIM OFF WITH THE CAR AND THE BULL WE LET OUT O' THE PEN--BUT THIS TIME HE'S FINISHED.'
WE'LL SLUG HIM, GRAB THE CAT AND SHOVE HIM OFF THE ROOF.'


BUT AS THE KILLERS CLOSE IN, THE NEWSPAPERMAN SUDDENLY WHEELS ABOUT IN A SURPRISE MANEUVER...
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.' I HEARD EVERY WORD YOU SAID WHILE YOU DISCUSSED YOUR SCHEME ON THE OTHER ROOF.'
IMPOSSIBLE.'


YOU'RE BLUFFIN', WILSON.'
I HEARD YOU SAY THAT BEFORE CANFIELD DIED, HE TOLD YOU TO KILL WHOEVER HAD HIS LUCKY CHARM.' YOUR REWARD WAS TO BE HIS FORTUNE--MONEY HE'D HIDDEN FROM THE GOVERNMENT TREASURY MEN.'
SURE--CANFIELD SCRATCHED ON THE BACK OF THE CHARM THE NAME OF THE SPOT WHERE HE HID HIS DOUGH.' NOW THAT WE GOT THE CAT, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE AN "ACCIDENT" LIKE THE OTHERS HAD.'
CANFIELD TOLD US COPS WOULDN'T SUSPECT US IF YOUR KILLIN' WAS MADE TO LOOK LIKE AN "ACCIDENT"!
SUDDENLY AROUSED TO A TOWERING FURY, THE EMBATTLED NEWSMAN FIGHTS BACK...
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A DEAD MAN'S LUCKY CHARM HEXED ME, YOU'RE CRAZY.'
QUICKLY, STEVE WILSON SCOOPS UP A GUN DROPPED BY THE THUGS AND...
CANFIELD PROVIDED THE INCENTIVE FOR MY DEATH, BUT HE MADE ONE MISTAKE--HE FORGOT HE'D GIVE ME THE INCENTIVE TO WANT TO COLLAR YOU MURDERING RATS.'
LATER, AFTER THE POLICE ARE SUMMONED...
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW YOU HEARD US TALKIN' ON THAT OTHER ROOF.'
IT'S SIMPLE.' THIS MICROWAVE RECEIVER IS SO SENSITIVE IT CAN PICK UP THE SOUND WAVES OF A WHISPER MILES AWAY.' I KNEW THAT--AND THAT'S WHY I PURPOSELY STOOD BESIDE THE CONE.'
THE END

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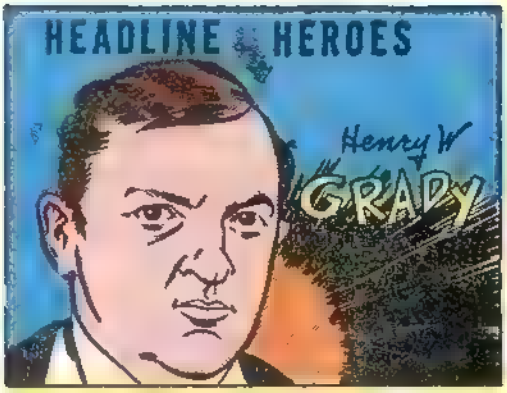
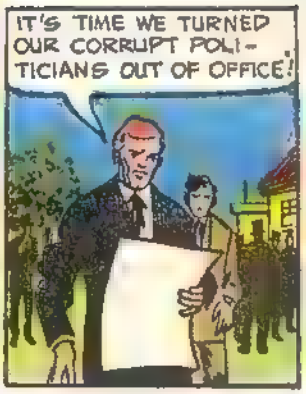


AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE ROME (GEORGIA) ***COURIER*** AT 19, GRADY RESIGNED HIS POSITION WHEN HIS PUBLISHER FORBADE HIM TO EXPOSE LOCAL CORRUPTIONS. INSTEAD HE BOUGHT A COMPETING PAPER AND LAUNCHED HIS OWN ATTACKS...



IN 1876, WHILE COVERING THE HAYES-TILDEN CAMPAIGN IN FLORIDA FOR THE NEW YORK ***HERALD***, HE OUTSMARTED RIVAL REPORTERS BY TYING UP THE ONLY TELEGRAPH STATION TILL HE COULD PREPARE HIS COPY. HE DID THIS BY FEEDING THE TELEGRAPHER PAGES TORN OUT OF WEBSTER'S SPELLING BOOK...

AS MANAGING EDITOR OF THE ATLANTA ***CONSTITUTION***, HE BOOSTED ITS WEEKLY CIRCULATION TO AN AMAZING 140,000...

THIS REPORT FROM THE PUBLISHER'S CONVENTION CALLS THE ***CONSTITUTION*** "THE MODEL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED STATES"!

DESPITE HIS SUCCESS AS AN EDITOR, GRADY NEVER GAVE UP HIS TRUE LOVE OF REPORTING. ONE OF HIS GREATEST STORIES WAS THAT OF THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE IN 1886...

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Your dealer will do the rest.

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LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BRAKE ARM!

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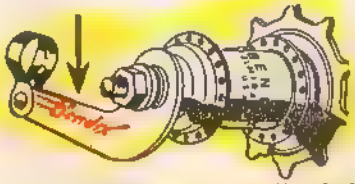

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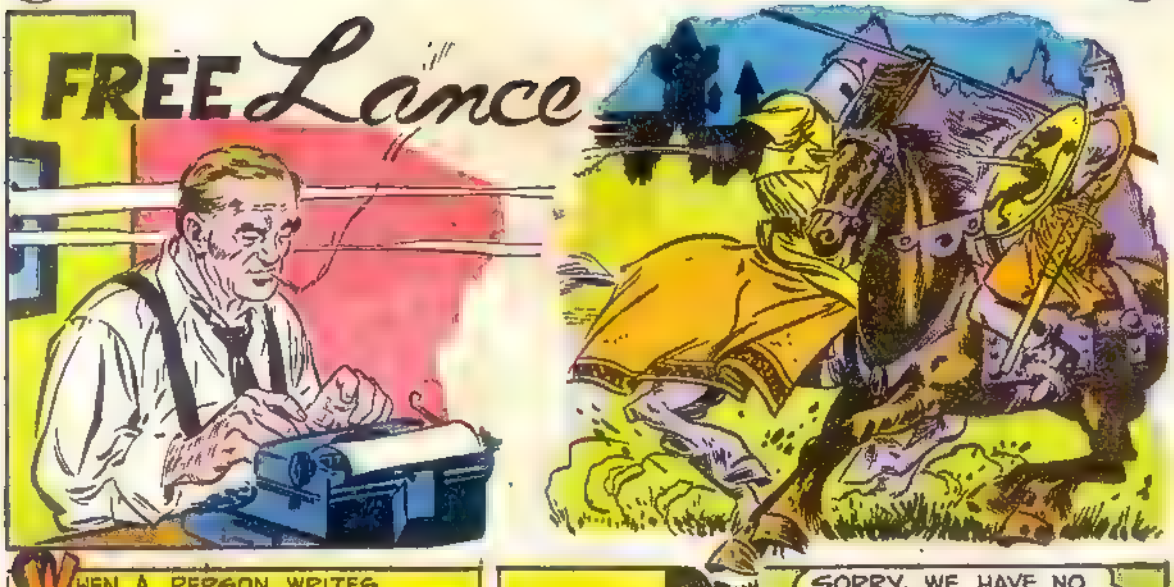
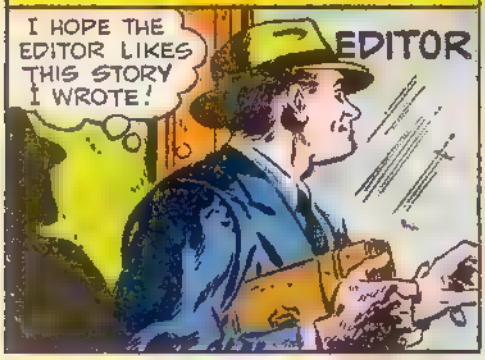
FREE Lance

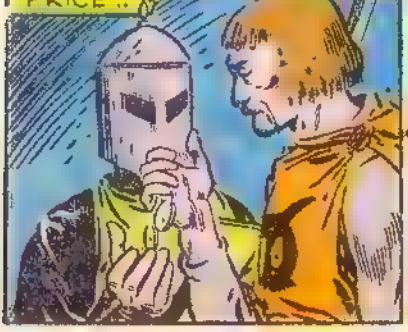


WHEN A PERSON WRITES ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT AND NOT AS A MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF ANY PUBLICATION, HE IS KNOWN AS A ***FREE LANCE***...

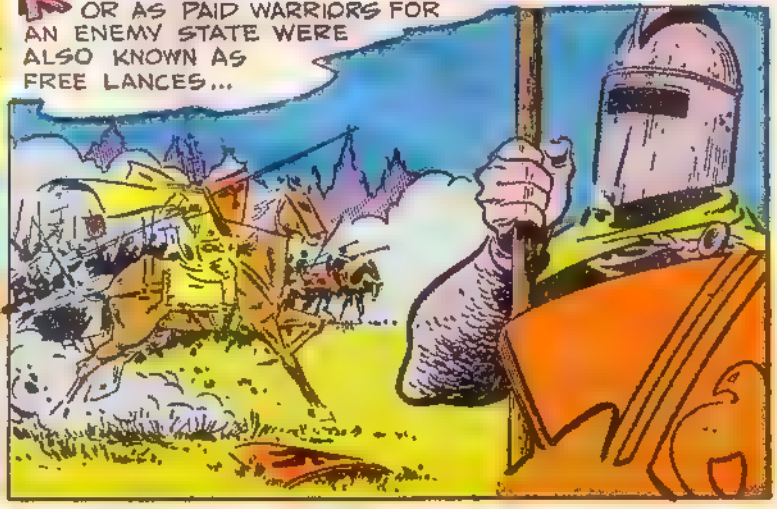


IN NEWSPAPER PARLANCE, A FREE LANCE IS A NEWSPAPERMAN WHO IS OUT OF WORK AND LOOKING FOR A JOB...

THE TERM FREE LANCE WAS FIRST USED IN 1820 WHEN SIR WALTER SCOTT ORIGINATED THE EXPRESSION TO DENOTE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES, WHOSE SERVICES WERE AVAILABLE TO A FEUDAL LORD FOR A PRICE...



ROVING KNIGHTS WHO PLUNDERED FOR THEMSELVES OR AS PAID WARRIORS FOR AN ENEMY STATE WERE ALSO KNOWN AS FREE LANCES...



Johnny Law
HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE
ONLY JOHNNY LAW, CRACK HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE, WAS SURE THAT AN INNOCENT MAN WAS BEING HELD AND THAT A TELL-TALE PHOTO HAD POINTED OUT THE WRONG MAN! BUT THE ACE SLEUTH HAD TO MOVE CAREFULLY, FOR HE WAS COMPELLED TO PROVE HIS CASE BEYOND...
A SHADOW OF A DOUBT!
HA HA HA HA HA!
IN HIS SWANK PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, BANKER CARLTON CARVER PLEADS WITH A RUTHLESS ENEMY...
Y-YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!
NO--? I'M BRINGING YOUR ACCOUNT UP TO DATE!
PAID IN FULL!
BLAM!
BAM!

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, CRACK HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW, INVESTIGATES THE MURDER...

:SOB: :SOB:

THE MAID DISCOVERED THE BODY, JOHNNY! CARVER WAS CUT DOWN WITH THREE SLUGS!

AFTER THE CORONER AND LAB BOYS ARRIVE, SEAL OFF THE APARTMENT! THERE'S TO BE NO INTERRUPTION UNTIL AFTER THE INVESTIGATION!

HOURS LATER...

THERE ARE PLENTY OF PRINTS, JOHNNY--BUT THEY'RE ALL CARVERS!

NOT A CLUE! IT APPEARS OUR KILLER PLANNED HIS CRIME WELL IN ADVANCE! WE'LL HAVE TO CRACK THIS CASE FROM ANOTHER ANGLE!

THAT EVENING, AS JOHNNY PONDERS OVER THE APPARENT "*PERFECT CRIME*" AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

I TELL YOU THIS PHOTOGRAPH CONCERNS THE CARVER MURDER!

I'LL SPEAK TO HIM, CAPTAIN!

AS JOHNNY STUDIES THE PHOTOGRAPH...

WHEN WAS THIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN?

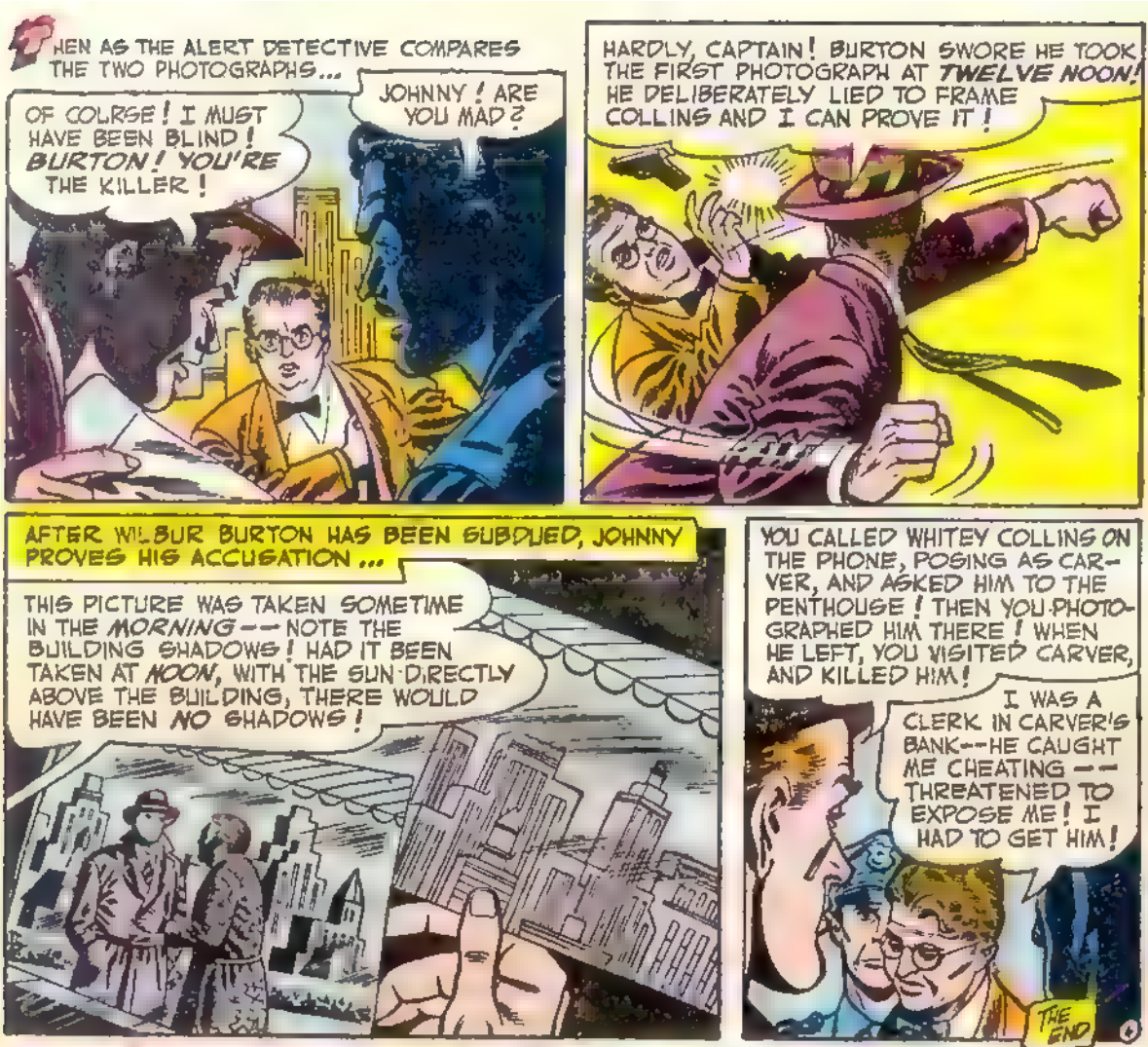
AT EXACTLY ***TWELVE NOON***, DETECTIVE LAW! I WANTED A PICTURE OF THE CITY FROM MY HOTEL ROOM ON THE 41ST FLOOR! LATER, WHEN I READ OF THE MURDER, I REALIZED WHAT I HAD SNAPPED!

WHY, THAT'S WHITEY COLLINS--AN EX-CON CARVER HAD SENT TO JAIL FOR THEFT! WHAT A BREAK! I'LL PICK HIM UP AT ONCE!

FOR HOURS THE ACE DETECTIVE SCOURS THE CITY FOR THE NUMBER ONE SUSPECT... FINALLY...

LOOKS LIKE I JUST ARRIVED IN TIME! THERE GOES WHITEY NOW! COLLINS! STOP!--IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

AS THE SURPRISED EX-CON DARTS INTO THE STREET IN AN ATTEMPT TO ELUDE THE 'HEADQUARTERS' DETECTIVE...
YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A JAIL CELL, WHITEY!
YOU'RE A SUCKER! NO ONE BEATS A MURDER RAP!
SHORTLY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS PHOTO, COLLINS! NOW DO YOU DENY BEING IN CARVER'S APARTMENT?
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! CARVER DID CALL AND ASK ME TO SEE HIM AT HIS PENTHOUSE! WHEN I GOT THERE HE SAID HE DIDN'T CALL ME, AND HE THREW ME OUT! BUT THAT WAS 10 AM--TWO HOURS BEFORE THE MURDER!
YOU'RE LYING! THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY WILBUR BURTON, A TOURIST, AT TWELVE NOON FROM HIS HOTEL ROOM! WHERE WERE YOU AT THAT TIME?
A-ALONE... IN MY ROOM! I KNEW YOU COPS WOULD TRY TO PIN THE MURDER ON ME! I HAD THE PERFECT MOTIVE--REVENGE! THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO RUN AWAY--YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! I'M INNOCENT!
AFTER COLLINS HAS BEEN RETURNED TO HIS CELL, JOHNNY CONFERS WITH CAPTAIN MORLEY...
ANY JURY IN THE COUNTRY WOULD CONVICT HIM ON THE EVIDENCE WE HAVE!
I REALIZE THAT, CAPTAIN! STILL... ANYONE CONFRONTED WITH SUCH POWERFUL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM WOULD CONFESS! WHITEY INSISTS HE'S INNOCENT! WHY--?
THEN, THERE'S THIS PHOTO! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT...WISH I COULD PUT MY FINGER ON IT...THINK I'LL TRY A LITTLE EXPERIMENT TOMORROW--WITH YOUR PERMISSION!
THE FOLLOWING DAY ON THE TERRACE OF THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...
HERE'S THE PHOTO YOU ASKED ME TO TAKE FROM MY HOTEL ROOM, DETECTIVE LAW!
SATISFIED, JOHNNY? WE'VE RUN THROUGH THE CRIME STEP BY STEP! EVEN HAD MR. BURTON TAKE ANOTHER PHOTO! THERE'S NOTHING TO PROVE WHITEY'S INNOCENCE!


THEN AS THE ALERT DETECTIVE COMPARES THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS...
JOHNNY! ARE YOU MAD?
OF COURSE! I MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND! BURTON! YOU'RE THE KILLER!
HARDLY, CAPTAIN! BURTON SWORE HE TOOK THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH AT TWELVE NOON! HE DELIBERATELY LIED TO FRAME COLLINS AND I CAN PROVE IT!
AFTER WILBUR BURTON HAS BEEN SUBDUED, JOHNNY PROVES HIS ACCUSATION...
THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN SOMETIME IN THE MORNING -- NOTE THE BUILDING SHADOWS! HAD IT BEEN TAKEN AT NOON, WITH THE SUN DIRECTLY ABOVE THE BUILDING, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO SHADOWS!
YOU CALLED WHITEY COLLINS ON THE PHONE, POSING AS CARVER, AND ASKED HIM TO THE PENTHOUSE! THEN YOU PHOTOGRAPHED HIM THERE! WHEN HE LEFT, YOU VISITED CARVER, AND KILLED HIM!
I WAS A CLERK IN CARVER'S BANK--HE CAUGHT ME CHEATING -- THREATENED TO EXPOSE ME! I HAD TO GET HIM!
THE END

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WILD WEST CHARLIE HAS A LUCKY LUDEN'S TIP...

CAN'T BUST BRONCOS IF YOU'RE COUGHING. I RIDE 'EM LUCKY WITH LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY!

LUDEN'S TASTE DANDY - YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE THOSE JUICY CHERRIES!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ALLOWED TO EAT LUDEN'S IN SCHOOL

LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS

and still only 5¢

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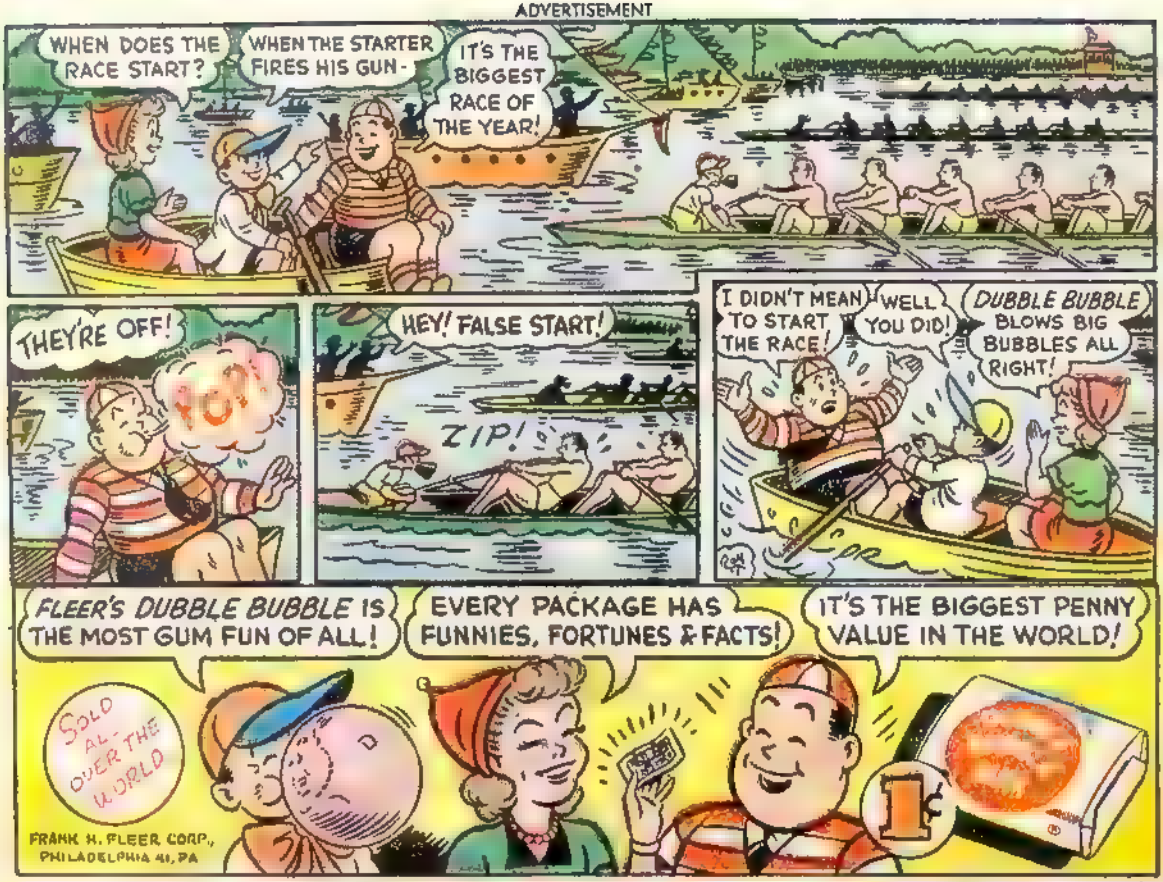
WHEN DOES THE RACE START?
WHEN THE STARTER FIRES HIS GUN-
IT'S THE BIGGEST RACE OF THE YEAR!
THEY'RE OFF!
HEY! FALSE START!
ZIP!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO START THE RACE!
WELL YOU DID!
DUBBLE BUBBLE BLOWS BIG BUBBLES ALL RIGHT!
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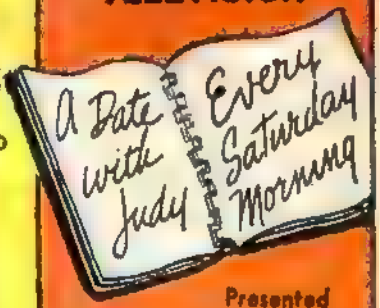

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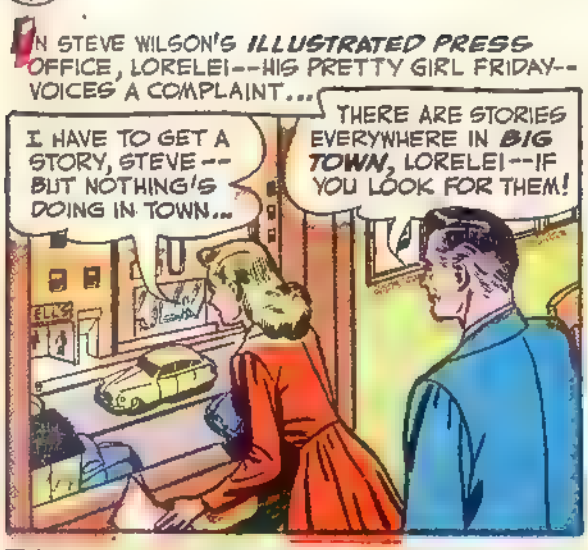
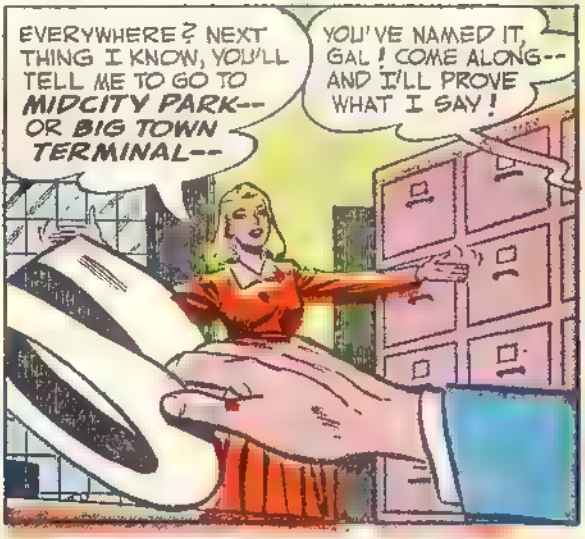
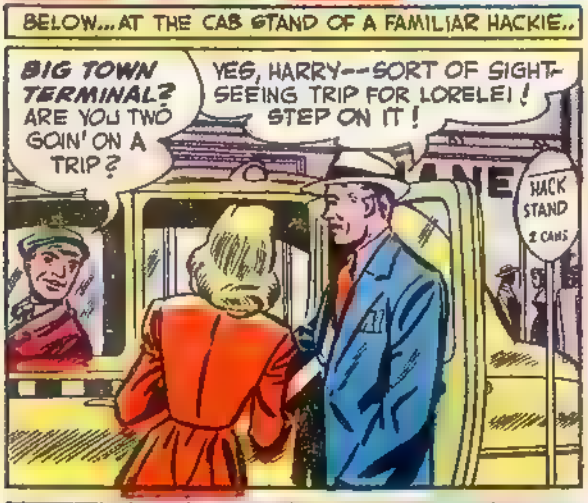
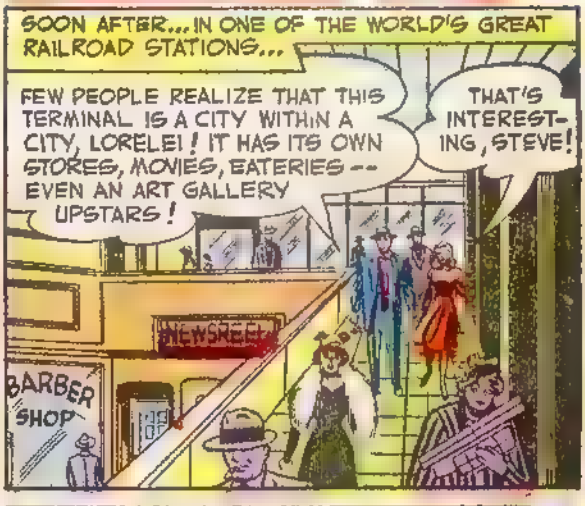
AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY

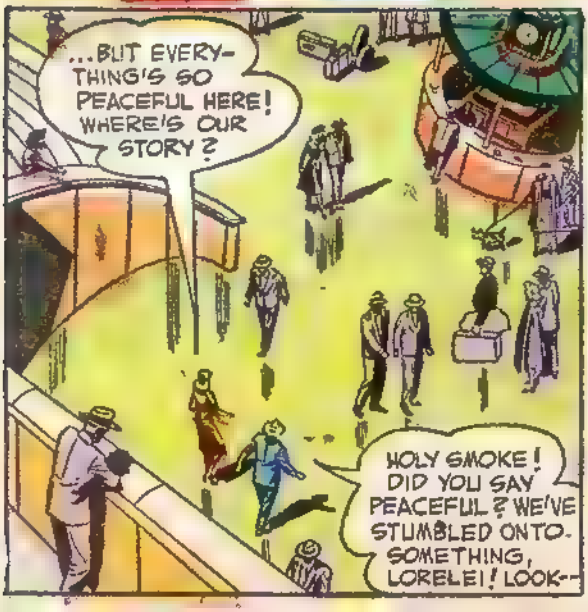
BIG TOWN
KEEP THOSE CROWDS BACK! HE'S A KILLER!
TRUCKS
WITHIN BIG TOWN IS ANOTHER CITY--SMALLER BUT COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL! THOUSANDS USE BIG TOWN'S FAMOUS RAILROAD STATION EVERY DAY--BUT FEW REALIZE THE DRAMA, THE EXCITEMENT, AND SOMETIMES THE DANGER WHICH TAKES PLACE IN THE HUGE DOMED ARENA DURING ANY 24-HOUR PERIOD!
AT LEAST LORELEI KILBOURNE NEVER REALIZED IT, UNTIL HER NEWS CHIEF--WISE AND CAPABLE STEVE WILSON--SHOWED HER THE SEETHING, TURBULENT REALITY UNDER THE HUMDRUM SURFACE OF...
"BIG TOWN TERMINAL!"

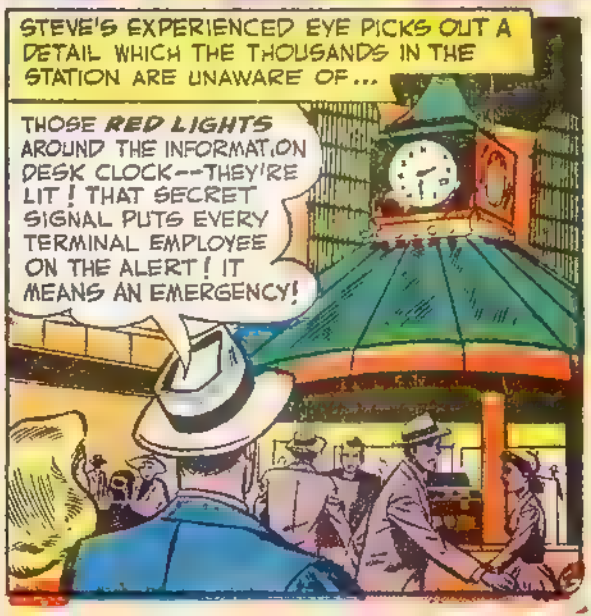

IN STEVE WILSON'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS OFFICE, LORELEI--HIS PRETTY GIRL FRIDAY--VOICES A COMPLAINT...
I HAVE TO GET A STORY, STEVE--BUT NOTHING'S DOING IN TOWN...
THERE ARE STORIES EVERYWHERE IN BIG TOWN, LORELEI--IF YOU LOOK FOR THEM!

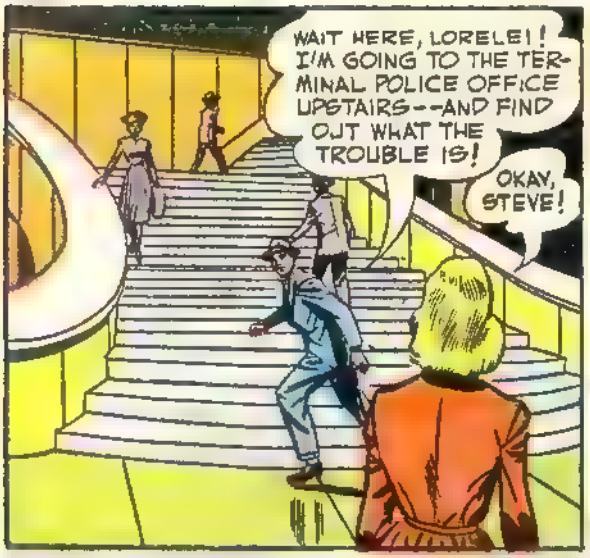

EVERYWHERE? NEXT THING I KNOW, YOU'LL TELL ME TO GO TO MIDCITY PARK--OR BIG TOWN TERMINAL--
YOU'VE NAMED IT, GAL! COME ALONG--AND I'LL PROVE WHAT I SAY!

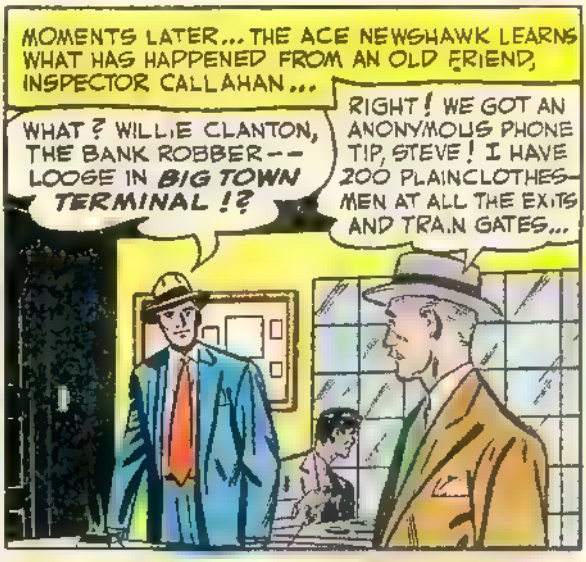

BELOW...AT THE CAB STAND OF A FAMILIAR HACKIE..
BIG TOWN TERMINAL? ARE YOU TWO GOIN' ON A TRIP?
YES, HARRY--SORT OF SIGHT-SEEING TRIP FOR LORELEI! STEP ON IT!
HACK STAND
2 CABS

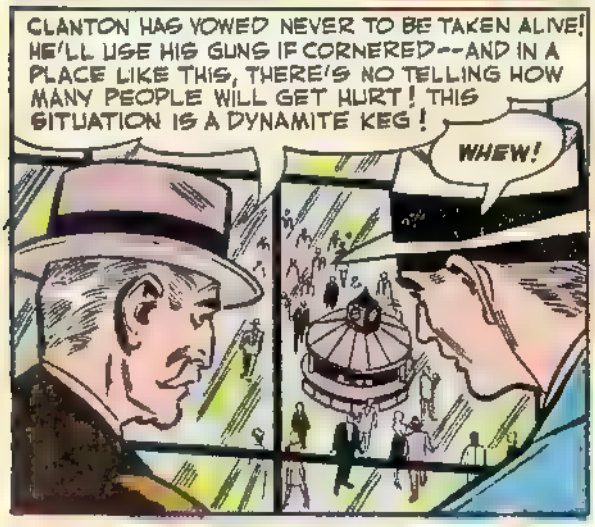

SOON AFTER...IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT RAILROAD STATIONS...
FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THAT THIS TERMINAL IS A CITY WITHIN A CITY, LORELEI! IT HAS ITS OWN STORES, MOVIES, EATERIES--EVEN AN ART GALLERY UPSTAIRS!
THAT'S INTERESTING, STEVE!
NEWSREEL
BARBER SHOP

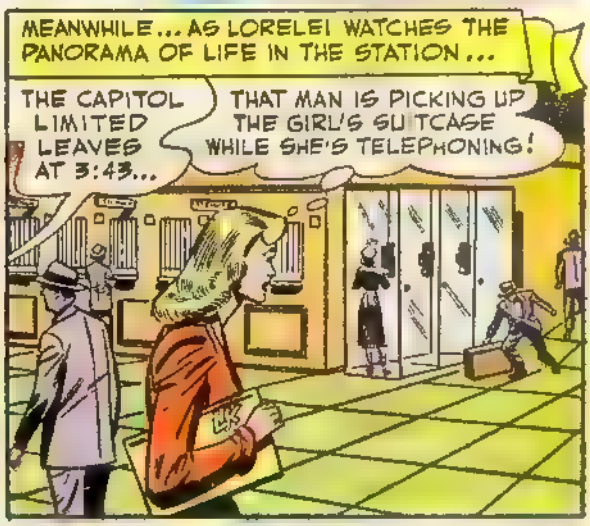

...BUT EVERYTHING'S SO PEACEFUL HERE! WHERE'S OUR STORY?
HOLY SMOKE! DID YOU SAY PEACEFUL? WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING, LORELEI! LOOK--

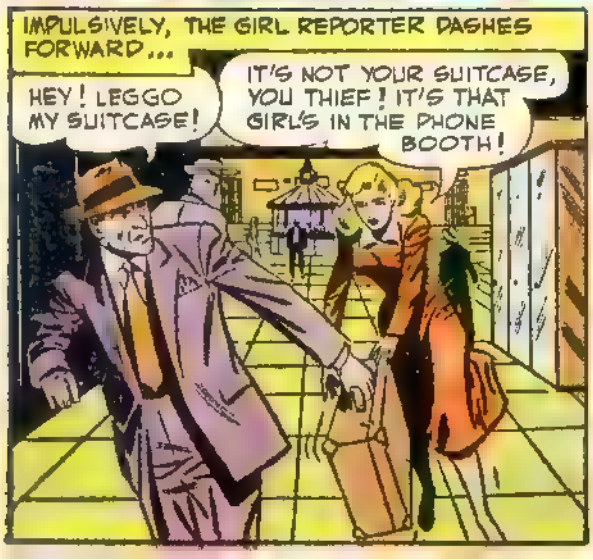

STEVE'S EXPERIENCED EYE PICKS OUT A DETAIL WHICH THE THOUSANDS IN THE STATION ARE UNAWARE OF...
THOSE RED LIGHTS AROUND THE INFORMATION DESK CLOCK--THEY'RE LIT! THAT SECRET SIGNAL PUTS EVERY TERMINAL EMPLOYEE ON THE ALERT! IT MEANS AN EMERGENCY!

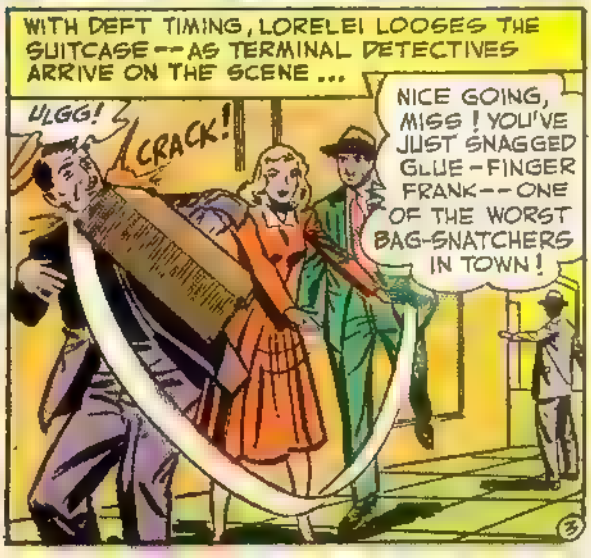

WAIT HERE, LORELEI! I'M GOING TO THE TERMINAL POLICE OFFICE UPSTAIRS--AND FIND OUT WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!
OKAY, STEVE!

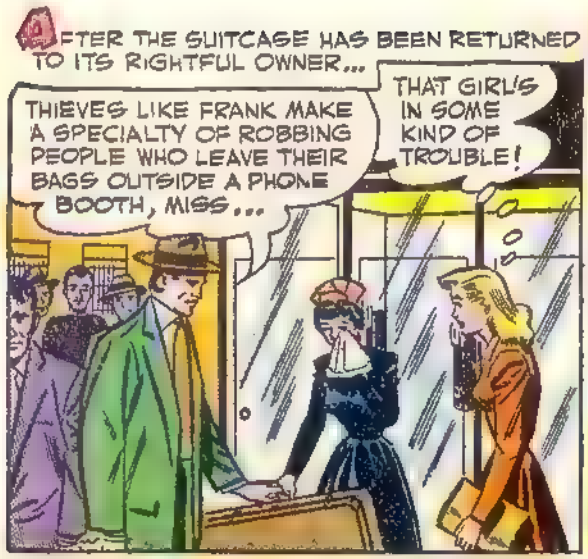

MOMENTS LATER... THE ACE NEWSHAWK LEARNS WHAT HAS HAPPENED FROM AN OLD FRIEND, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...
WHAT? WILLIE CLANTON, THE BANK ROBBER--LOOSE IN BIG TOWN TERMINAL!?
RIGHT! WE GOT AN ANONYMOUS PHONE TIP, STEVE! I HAVE 200 PLAINCLOTHESMEN AT ALL THE EXITS AND TRAIN GATES...

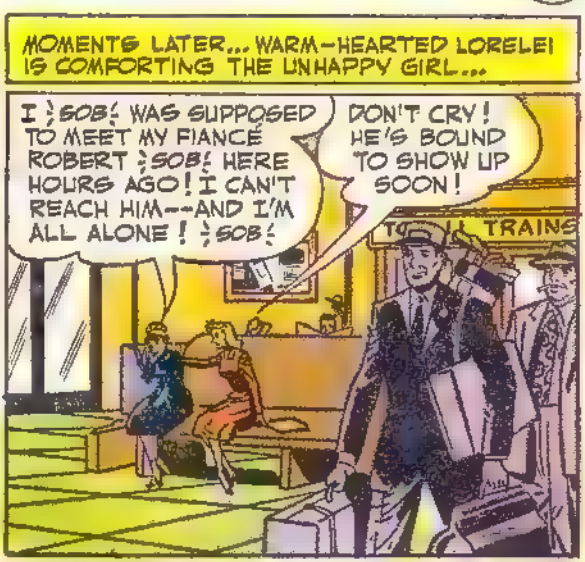

CLANTON HAS VOWED NEVER TO BE TAKEN ALIVE! HE'LL USE HIS GUNS IF CORNERED--AND IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY PEOPLE WILL GET HURT! THIS SITUATION IS A DYNAMITE KEG!
WHEW!

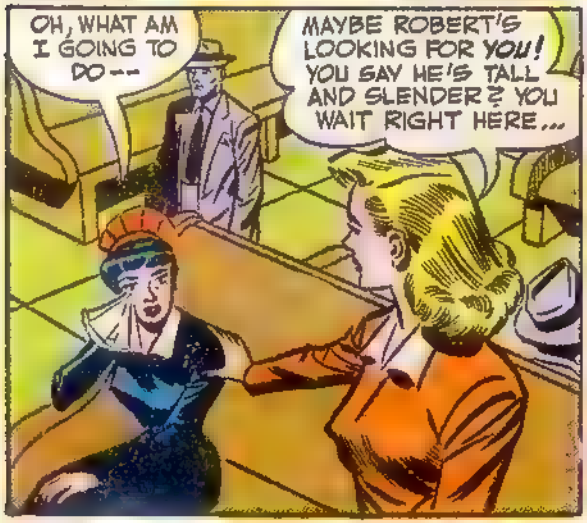

MEANWHILE... AS LORELEI WATCHES THE PANORAMA OF LIFE IN THE STATION...
THE CAPITOL LIMITED LEAVES AT 3:43...
THAT MAN IS PICKING UP THE GIRL'S SUITCASE WHILE SHE'S TELEPHONING!

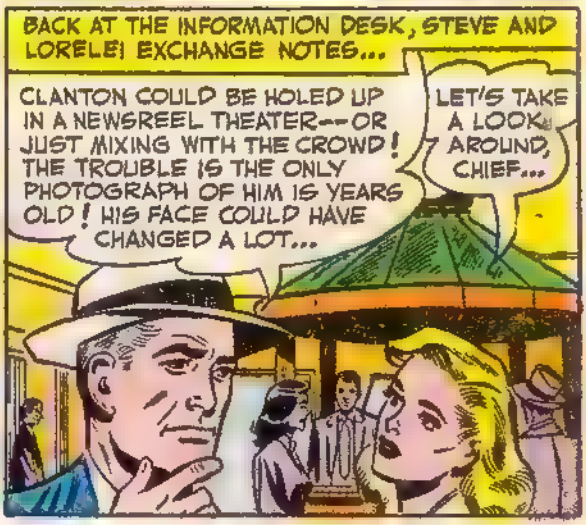

IMPULSIVELY, THE GIRL REPORTER DASHES FORWARD...
HEY! LEGGO MY SUITCASE!
IT'S NOT YOUR SUITCASE, YOU THIEF! IT'S THAT GIRL'S IN THE PHONE BOOTH!

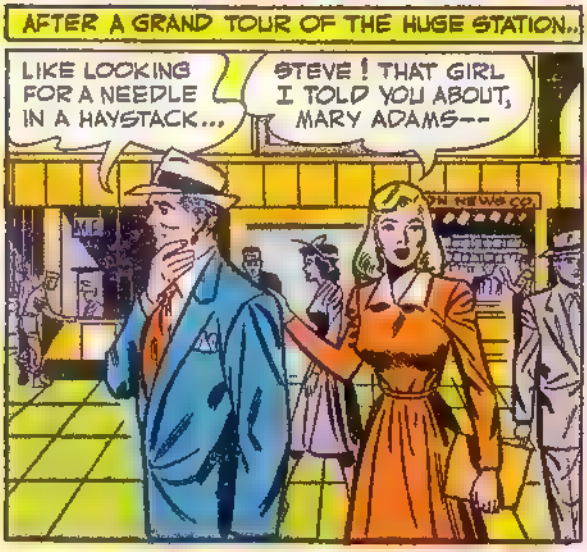

WITH DEFT TIMING, LORELEI LOOSES THE SUITCASE--AS TERMINAL DETECTIVES ARRIVE ON THE SCENE...
ULGG!
CRACK!
NICE GOING, MISS! YOU'VE JUST SNAGGED GLUE-FINGER FRANK--ONE OF THE WORST BAG-SNATCHERS IN TOWN!


AFTER THE SUITCASE HAS BEEN RETURNED TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER...
THIEVES LIKE FRANK MAKE A SPECIALTY OF ROBBING PEOPLE WHO LEAVE THEIR BAGS OUTSIDE A PHONE BOOTH, MISS...
THAT GIRL'S IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE!

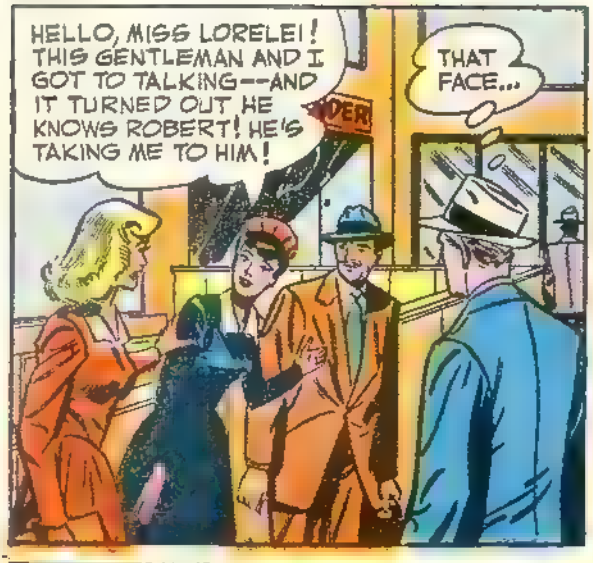

MOMENTS LATER... WARM-HEARTED LORELEI IS COMFORTING THE UNHAPPY GIRL...
I ;SOB; WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET MY FIANCÉ ROBERT ;SOB; HERE HOURS AGO! I CAN'T REACH HIM--AND I'M ALL ALONE! ;SOB;
DON'T CRY! HE'S BOUND TO SHOW UP SOON!

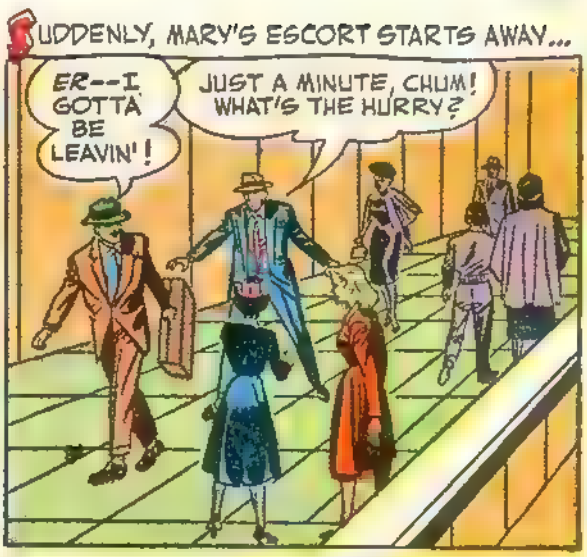

OH, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO--
MAYBE ROBERT'S LOOKING FOR YOU! YOU SAY HE'S TALL AND SLENDER? YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE...

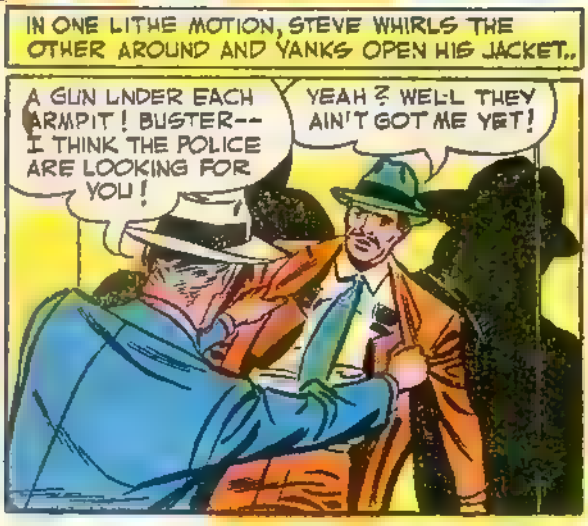

BACK AT THE INFORMATION DESK, STEVE AND LORELEI EXCHANGE NOTES...
CLANTON COULD BE HOLED UP IN A NEWSREEL THEATER--OR JUST MIXING WITH THE CROWD! THE TROUBLE IS THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM IS YEARS OLD! HIS FACE COULD HAVE CHANGED A LOT...
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND, CHIEF...

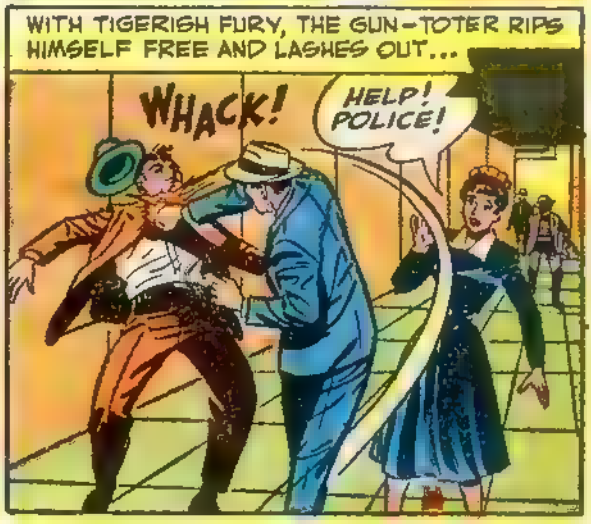

AFTER A GRAND TOUR OF THE HUGE STATION..
LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK...
STEVE! THAT GIRL I TOLD YOU ABOUT, MARY ADAMS--

SHE'S LEAVING-- BUT NOT WITH HER BOY FRIEND! SHE SAID HER BOY FRIEND WAS TALL AND SLENDER!
THAT'S RIGHT! LET'S FIND OUT WHO SHE'S WITH...


HELLO, MISS LORELEI! THIS GENTLEMAN AND I GOT TO TALKING--AND IT TURNED OUT HE KNOWS ROBERT! HE'S TAKING ME TO HIM!
THAT FACE...

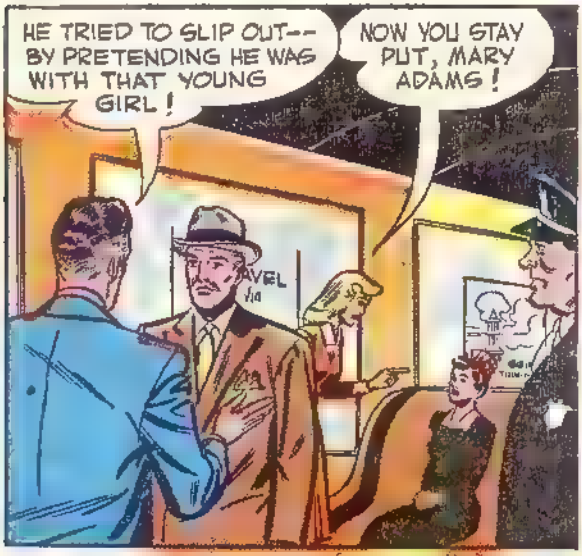

SUDDENLY, MARY'S ESCORT STARTS AWAY...
ER--I GOTTA BE LEAVIN'!
JUST A MINUTE, CHUM! WHAT'S THE HURRY?

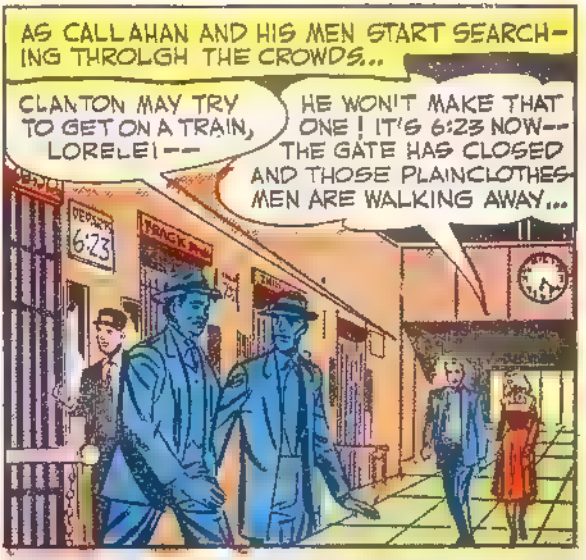

IN ONE LITHE MOTION, STEVE WHIRLS THE OTHER AROUND AND YANKS OPEN HIS JACKET..
A GUN UNDER EACH ARMPIT! BUSTER-- I THINK THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!
YEAH? WELL THEY AIN'T GOT ME YET!

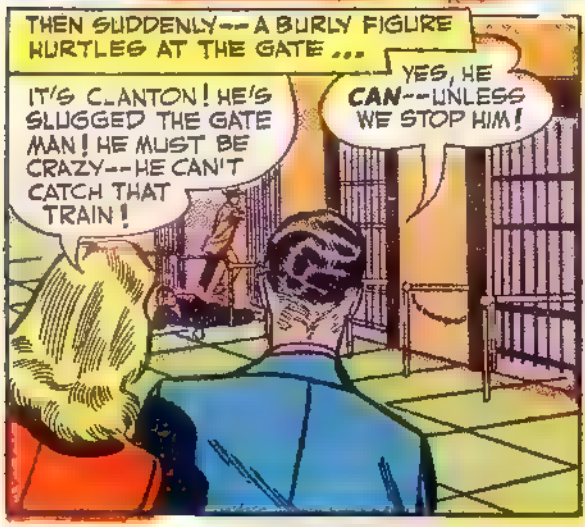

WITH TIGERISH FURY, THE GUN-TOTER RIPS HIMSELF FREE AND LASHES OUT...
WHACK!
HELP! POLICE!

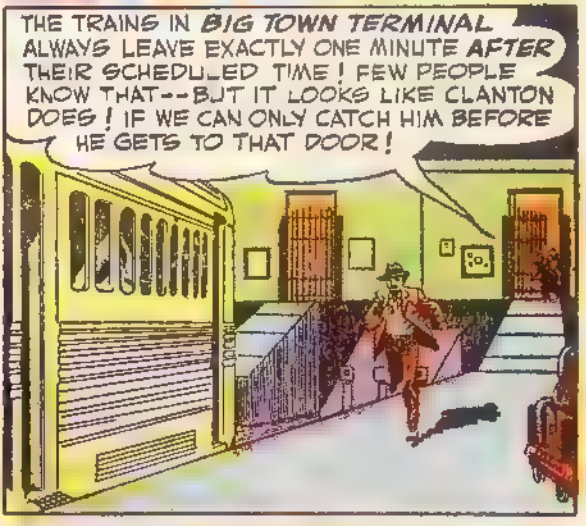
AS THE GRITTY NEWSMAN SCRAMBLES BACK TO THE FRAY...
GOT TO HURRY TO MAKE MY TRAIN! OOPS-- SORRY!
OF ALL TIMES TO HAVE A TRAIN— CATCHER RUN INTO ME!

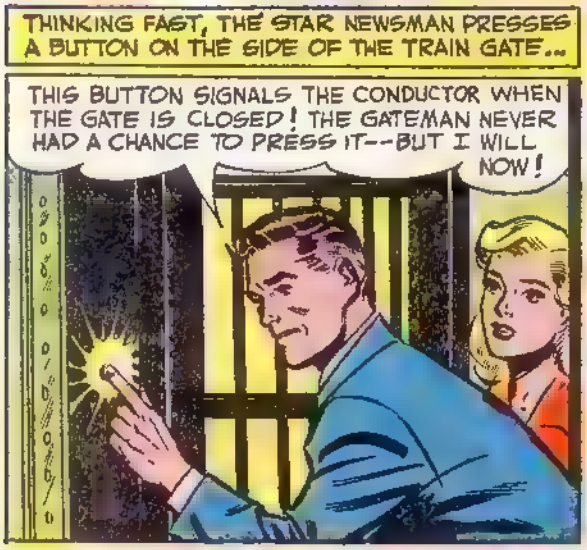
MOMENTS LATER... WHEN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN REACH THE SCENE...
HE GOT INTO THE CROWD AND DISAPPEARED!
IT WAS CLANTON, INSPECTOR! HIS FACE HAS CHANGED, BUT I RECOGNIZED HIM!

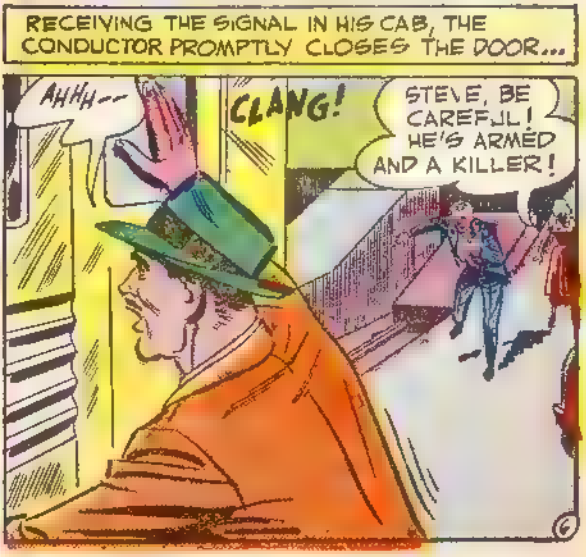

HE TRIED TO SLIP OUT-- BY PRETENDING HE WAS WITH THAT YOUNG GIRL!
NOW YOU STAY PUT, MARY ADAMS!

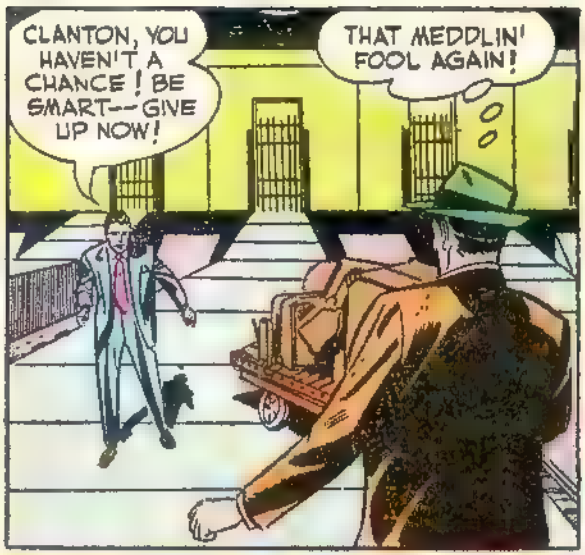

AS CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN START SEARCHING THROUGH THE CROWDS..
CLANTON MAY TRY TO GET ON A TRAIN, LORELEI--
HE WON'T MAKE THAT ONE! IT'S 6:23 NOW-- THE GATE HAS CLOSED AND THOSE PLAINCLOTHES MEN ARE WALKING AWAY...
DEPOT
6:23
TRACK

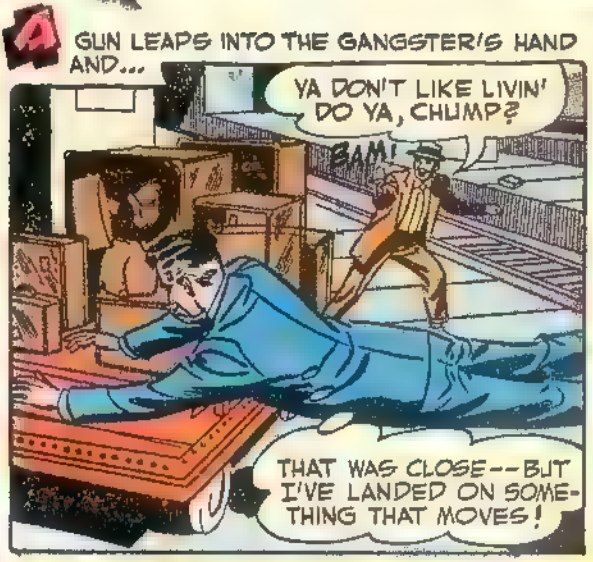

THEN SUDDENLY--A BURLY FIGURE HURTLES AT THE GATE...
IT'S CLANTON! HE'S SLUGGED THE GATE MAN! HE MUST BE CRAZY--HE CAN'T CATCH THAT TRAIN!
YES, HE CAN--UNLESS WE STOP HIM!

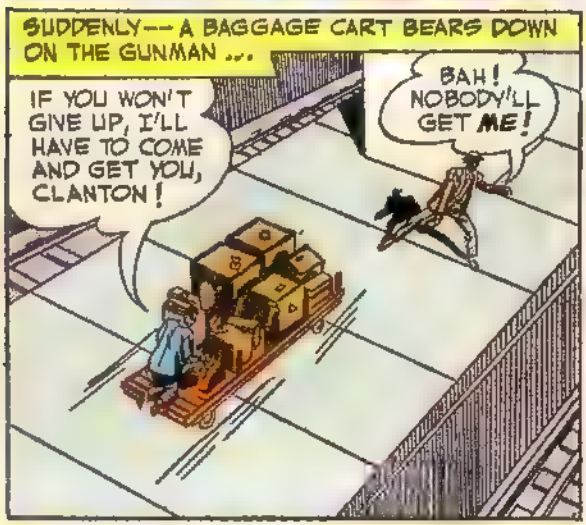

THE TRAINS IN BIG TOWN TERMINAL ALWAYS LEAVE EXACTLY ONE MINUTE AFTER THEIR SCHEDULED TIME! FEW PEOPLE KNOW THAT--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE CLANTON DOES! IF WE CAN ONLY CATCH HIM BEFORE HE GETS TO THAT DOOR!

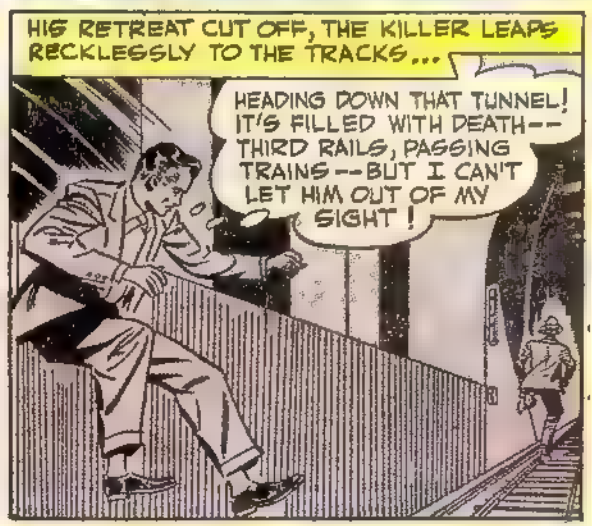

THINKING FAST, THE STAR NEWSMAN PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN GATE...
THIS BUTTON SIGNALS THE CONDUCTOR WHEN THE GATE IS CLOSED! THE GATEMAN NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO PRESS IT--BUT I WILL NOW!

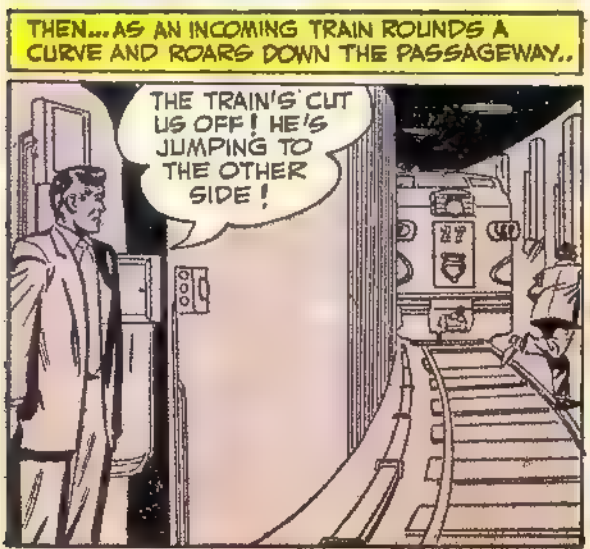

RECEIVING THE SIGNAL IN HIS CAB, THE CONDUCTOR PROMPTLY CLOSES THE DOOR...
AHHH--
CLANG!
STEVE, BE CAREFUL! HE'S ARMED AND A KILLER!

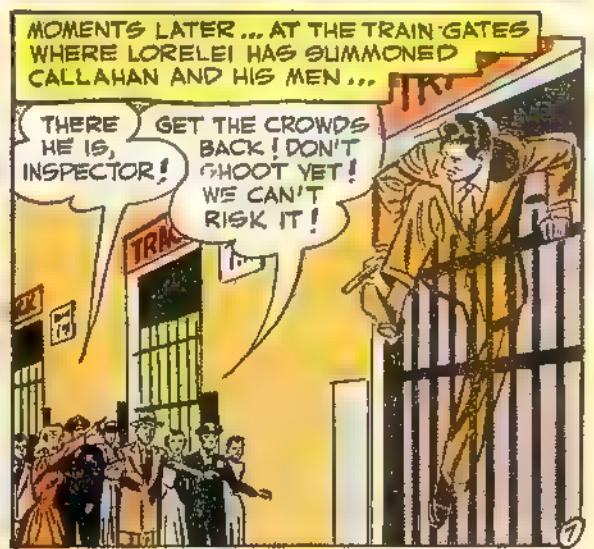

CLANTON, YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! BE SMART--GIVE UP NOW!
THAT MEDDLIN' FOOL AGAIN!


A GUN LEAPS INTO THE GANGSTER'S HAND AND...
YA DON'T LIKE LIVIN' DO YA, CHUMP?
BAM!
THAT WAS CLOSE--BUT I'VE LANDED ON SOMETHING THAT MOVES!

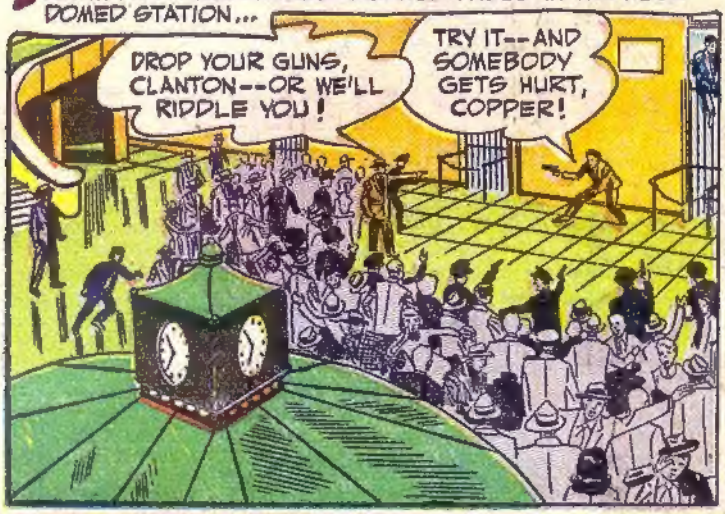

SUDDENLY--A BAGGAGE CART BEARS DOWN ON THE GUNMAN ...
IF YOU WON'T GIVE UP, I'LL HAVE TO COME AND GET YOU, CLANTON!
BAH! NOBODY'LL GET ME!


HIS RETREAT CUT OFF, THE KILLER LEAPS RECKLESSLY TO THE TRACKS...
HEADING DOWN THAT TUNNEL! IT'S FILLED WITH DEATH--THIRD RAILS, PASSING TRAINS--BUT I CAN'T LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!


THEN...AS AN INCOMING TRAIN ROUNDS A CURVE AND ROARS DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY..
THE TRAIN'S CUT US OFF! HE'S JUMPING TO THE OTHER SIDE!

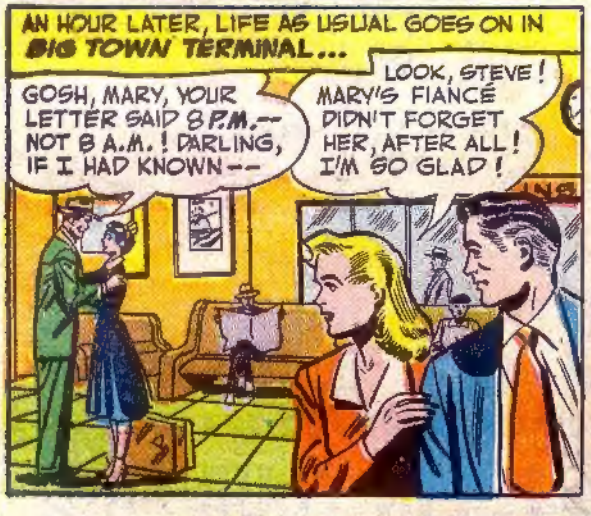

MOMENTS LATER ... AT THE TRAIN GATES WHERE LORELEI HAS SUMMONED CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN ...
THERE HE IS, INSPECTOR!
GET THE CROWDS BACK! DON'T SHOOT YET! WE CAN'T RISK IT!

THEN... AS A BREATHLESS SILENCE FALLS IN THE HUGE DOMED STATION...

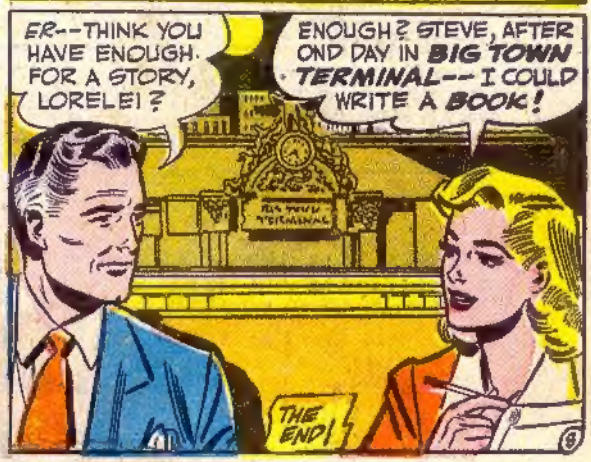


BUT BEFORE THE KILLER CAN WORK HIS TRIGGERS, A FLASHING FORM HITS HIM FROM BEHIND.

AN HOUR LATER, LIFE AS USUAL GOES ON IN *BIG TOWN TERMINAL*...



AS DARKNESS DRAPES THE METROPOLIS...



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DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT'S LIGHT-BODIED.
TRY VITALIS HAIR CREAM—YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THE TIP!
VITALIS

HOMOGENIZED FOR EASY FLOW. IN HANDY SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE.

MONEY BACK

write us if you don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!

NEW!

VITALIS Hair CREAM

SAVE MONEY! 49¢ SIZE EQUALS LEADING 59¢ SIZE CREAM OIL! (ALSO IN 79¢ SIZE)

—by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

Are You Safe from "B.O." on All 13 Parts of the Body?

LISTEN TO "BIG TOWN"
Radio Show sponsored by Lifebuoy on C.B.S. network, every Wednesday night. See your newspaper for time.

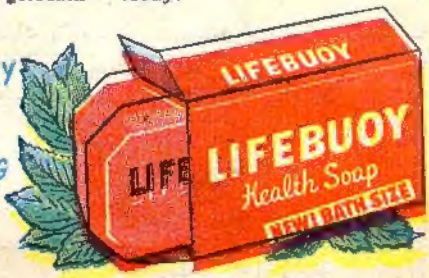
LIFEBUOY
with its Purifying Ingredient
GETS SKIN CLEANER
Gives longer all-over "B.O." protection!

• Body odor is *not* confined to the underarms! To guard popularity, you must give 13 parts of your body *top* protection.

The cleaner you get every part of your skin, doctors know, the the safer you are from "B.O." They proved that one soap—Lifebuoy Health Soap—gets skin cleaner, stops "B.O." as no other leading soap can. Lifebuoy's purifying ingredient makes it more effective against the "invisible dirt" that *brings on* "B.O."!

Guard your popularity. Get that clean, clean, Lifebuoy feeling! Make friends with Lifebuoy today!

USE LIFEBUOY DAILY —STOPS "B.O." AS NO OTHER LEADING SOAP CAN!



NEW RAIN-SOFT RINSO
IS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE
TYPE OF WATER IN YOUR AREA

GETS YOUR CLOTHES
WHITER, BRIGHTER THAN NEW
IN YOUR KIND OF WATER

Makes your local water even softer than rain!

• Use New Rain-Soft Rinso. It gets out more dirt than any other type of washday product. Gets clothes whiter, brighter than new. Change to Rinso today.

TESTED AND APPROVED
UNITED STATES TESTING CO. INC.

U. S. Testing Co. reports: "We find that Rinso gets out more dirt than any other type of washday product. Gets clothes whiter, brighter than new!"

ONLY RINSO HAS SOLIUM . . . PUTS SUNSHINE IN YOUR WASH

257 AIR RIFLES GIVEN

PLUS 4 FREE TRIPS TO MY RED RYDER RANCH!

—Red Ryder

Enter DAISY'S EXCITING NEW NATION-WIDE

SHOOTIN' CONTEST

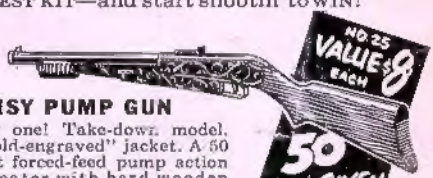
PARDNER! Get Your FREE CONTEST KIT at your DAISY DEALER or MAIL COUPON!

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carbines, Trophy Cups, Medals ***provided that*** they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 *OR* if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee WITH their Contest Targets *before midnight, May 29, 1952!* NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to WIN!

NEW!

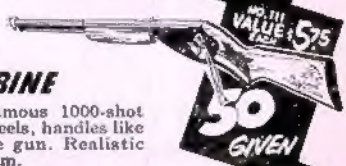
DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER

WIN one! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination Peep-and-Open Rearsight with Elevation, Windage adjusters! Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Amazingly realistic molded stock, fore-arm.



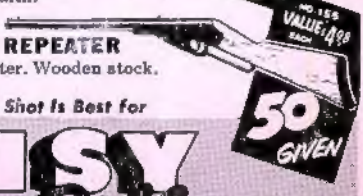
DAISY PUMP GUN

WIN one! Take-down model. "Gold-engraved" jacket. A 50 shot forced-feed pump action repeater with hard wooden stock, fore-end.



COWBOY CARBINE

WIN one! Daisy's famous 1000-shot repeater that looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Realistic molded stock, fore-arm.



DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER

WIN one! A 1000 shot repeater. Wooden stock. Metal blued.

Prices higher in Rockies, West, Canada and subject to change without notice. Do NOT order rifles direct—See Your Dealer.

TO: **RED RYDER,** Care of
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 1552, Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

I enclose unused 3c stamp to help pay mailing cost. RUSH FREE DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST KIT!

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CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

DAISY BULLS EYE Shot Is Best for

DAISY Air Rifles

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 1552, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

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1. SHEAFFER'S TOUCH DOWN

ONE STROKE FILLER

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2. SHEAFFER'S Skrip

WITH EXCLUSIVE TOP WELL BOTTLE

Always use Sheaffer's Skrip to make any pen write better, last longer. Test-proved the finest, safest writing fluid in the world, won't harm rubber, metal or composition parts. Twelve brilliant true-tone colors, Permanent or Washable. Starts instantly, dries quickly. Exclusive Top Well makes filling super-easy, keeps fingers clean. So good, it's the world's largest selling writing fluid!

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